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T H E

R U N A W A Y,

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C O M E D Y:

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E,

L O N D O N:

Printed for the A U T H O R;

And Sold by Mr. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall; Mr. BECKET, and
Mr. CADELL, in the Strand; Mr. LONGMAN, in Pater-Noster-
Row; and CARNAN and NEWBERY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard,

MDCCLXXVI.

1776

R U N A W A Y

G O M E D Y :

As it is Acted in the

T H E T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

Entered at Stationers-Hall,

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E

L O N D O N :

Printed by the AUTHOR,

at the Theatre-Royal, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-French.

MDCCLXXII

T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

S I R,

A MIDST the regrets I feel for your quitting the Stage, it is peculiarly gratifying, that a Play of *mine* closes your *dramatic* life—It is the highest pleasure to me, that *that* Play, from its success, reflects no dishonour on your judgement as a Manager.

Posterity will know, thro' a thousand Channels, that Mr. GARRICK was the ornament of the eighteenth Century, that he possessed the friendship of those whose Names will be the glory of English History, that the first ranks in the kingdom courted his society—may my small voice be heard amongst those who will inform it, that Mr. GARRICK's *Heart* was no less an honour to him, than his *Talents*!

Unpatronized by any *name*, I presented myself to you, obscure and unknown. You perceived *dawnings* in my Comedy, which you *nourish'd* and *improved*. With attention, and sollicitude, you *embellish'd*, and presented it to the world—*that* World, which has emulated your generosity, and received it with an applause, which fills my heart with most lively gratitude. I perceive how much of this applause I owe to my *Sex*.—THE RUNAWAY has a thousand faults, which, if written by a Man, would have incurred the severest lash of Criticism—but the Gallantry of the English Nation is equal to its Wisdom—they be-

held a *Woman* tracing with feeble steps the borders of the Parnassian Mount——pitying her difficulties (for 'tis a thorny path) they gave their hands for her support, and placed her *high* above her level.

All this, Sir, and whatever may be its consequences, I owe to you. Had you rejected me, when I presented my little *RUNAWAY*, depressed by the refusal, and all confidence in *myself* destroyed, I should never have presumed to dip my pen again. It is now my task to convince You and the World, that a generous allowance for a young Writer's faults, is the best encouragement to Genius——'tis a kindly Soil, in which weak Groundlings are nourish'd, and from which the loftiest Trees draw their strength, and their beauty.

I take my leave of you, Sir, with the warmest wishes for your felicity, and Mrs. GARRICK's—to whose *taste*, and sollicitude for me, I am highly indebted. May your recess from the Stage be attended with all the blessings of retirement and ease—and may the world remember, in its most distant periods, that 'tis to Mr. GARRICK the English Theatre owes its emancipation from grossness, and buffoonery—that to Mr. GARRICK's *Judgement* it is indebted for being the first Stage in Europe, and to his *Talents* for being the delight of the most enlightened and polish'd age.

I am, Sir, your most devoted,

and obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by the AUTHOR.

Spoken by MR. BRERETON.

O The sweet prospect! what a fine Parterre!
Soft buds, sweet flowers, bright tints, and scented
air! [Boxes:]

A Vale, where critic wit spontaneous grows! [Pit.]

A Hill, which *noise* and *folly* never knows! [Gallery.]

Let Cits point out green paddocks to their spouses;

To me, no prospect like your crowded houses—

If, as just now, you wear those smiles enchanting;

But, when you frown, my heart you set a panting.

Pray then, for pity, do not frown to-night;

I'll bribe—but how—Oh, now I've hit it—right.

Secrets are pleasant to each child of Eve;

I've one in store, which for your smiles I'll give.

O list! a tale it is, not very common;

Our Poet of to-night, in faith's a—Woman,

A woman, too, untutor'd in the School,

Nor Aristotle knows, nor scarce a rule

By which fine writers fabricate their plays,

From sage Menander's, to these modern days:

How she could venture here I am astonish'd;

But 'twas in vain the Mad-cap I admonish'd;

Told her of squeaking cat-calls, hisses, groans,

Off, offs, and ruthless Critics' damning moans.

I'm undismay'd, she cry'd, critics are Men,

And smile on folly from a Woman's pen:

Then 'tis the Ladies' cause, there I'm secure;

Let him who hisses, no soft Nymph endure;

May he who frowns, be frown'd on by his Goddess,

From Pearls, and Brussels Point, to Maids in Boddice.

Now for a hint of her intended feast:

'Tis rural, playful,—harmless 'tis at least;

Not over-stock'd with repartee or wit,

Tho' here and there *perchance* there is a hit;

P R O L O G U E,

For she ne'er play'd with bright Apollo's fire,
 No Muse invok'd, or heard th' Aëonian lyre;
 Her Comic Muse—a little blue-ey'd maid,
 With cheeks where innocence and health's display'd;
 Her 'Pol—in petticoats—a romping Boy,
 Whose taste is trap-ball, and a kite his joy:
 Her Nursery the study, where she thought,
 Fram'd fable, incident, surprize and plot.
 From the surrounding hints she caught her plan,
 Length'ning the chain from infancy to man:
 Tom plagues poor Fan; she sobs, but loves him still;
 Kate aims her wit at both, with roguish skill:
 Our Painter mark'd those lines—which Nature drew,
 Her fancy glow'd, and colour'd them—for you;
 A Mother's pencil gave the light and shades,
 A Mother's eye thro' each soft scene pervades;
 Her Children rose before her flatter'd view,
 Hope stretch'd the canvas, whilst her wishes drew.

We'll now present you drapery and features,
 And warmly hope, you'll like the pretty creatures;
 Then Tom shall have his kite, and Fan new dollies,
 Till time matures them for *important* follies."

* * The dotted lines in the Play are omitted at the Theatre.

EPILOGUE.

Written by D. GARRICK, Esq.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

POST haste from Italy arrives my Lover!
Shall I to you, good Friends, my fears discover?
Should Foreign modes his Virtues mar, and mangle,
And *Caro Sposo* prove—Sir *Dingle Dangle*;
No sooner *join'd* than *separate* we go,
Abroad—we never shall each other know,
At home—I mope *above*—he'll pick his teeth *below*.
In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,
And, *wedded* tho' I am, shall still live *single*.
However modish, I detest this plan:
For me, no maukish creature, weak, and wan;
He must be *English*, and an *English*—Man.
To Nature, and his Country, false and blind,
Shou'd *Belville* dare to twist his form and mind,
I will discard him—and to Britain true,
A Briton chuse—and, may be, one of *you*!
Nay; don't be frighten'd—I am but in jest;
Free Men in Love, or War, should ne'er be prefs'd,

If you wou'd know my utmost expectation,
'Tis one unspoil'd by *travell'd* Education;
With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and some whim,
Good sense to govern *me*—and let *me* govern him:
Great love of me, must keep his heart from roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving:
If in these times, I shou'd be blest'd by Fate
With such a *Phoenix*, such a matchless Mate,
I will by kindness, and some small discerning,
Take care that *Hymen's* torch continues burning:
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch thrown down,
Just makes a smoke, then stinks throughout the town!
No married Puritan—I'll follow pleasure,
And ev'n the *Fashion*—but in mod'rate measure;

E P I L O G U E,

I will of Op'ra extasies partake,
 Tho' I take snuff to keep myself awake;
 No rampant Plumes shall o'er my temples play,
 Forgetting that my brains will fly away;
 Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,
 To shew the soil can teem with ev'ry thing!
 No *fruits, roots, greens*, shall fill the ample space,
 A *kitchen-garden*, to adorn my face!
 No Rocks shall there be seen, no Windmill, Fountain,
 Nor curls like Guns set round, to guard the Mountain!
 O learn, ye Fair, if this same madness spreads,
 Not to *hold up*, but to *keep down* your heads:
 Be not misled by strange fantastic art,
 But in your dress let *Nature* take some part;
 Her skill alone a lasting pow'r insures,
 And best can ornament such charms as *yours*.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

M E N.

Mr. HARGRAVE	Mr. <i>Yates</i> .
GEORGE HARGRAVE	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Mr. DRUMMOND	Mr. <i>Bensley</i> .
Sir CHA. SEYMOUR	Mr. <i>Brereton</i> .
Mr. MORLEY	Mr. <i>Aickin</i> .
JUSTICE	Mr. <i>Parsons</i> .
JARVIS	Mr. <i>Palmer</i> .
First Hunter	Mr. <i>Bannister</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady DINAH	Mrs. <i>Hopkins</i> .
BELLA	Miss <i>Younge</i> .
EMILY	Mrs. <i>Siddons</i> .
HARRIET	Miss <i>Hopkins</i> .
SUSAN	Mrs. <i>Wrighten</i> .

Gentlemen, Hunters, Servants, &c.

SCENE, Mr. *Hargrave's* House in the Country.

T H E

R U N A W A Y .

A C T I .

S C E N E, *a Garden.*

BELLA and HARRIET. *Enter* GEORGE.

George.

O H, for the luxury of night-gown and slippers! No jaded hack of Parnassus can be more tired than I am—the roads so dusty, and the sun so hot—'twould be less intolerable riding post in Africa.

Bella. What a wild imagination!—But in the name of Fortune, why are you alone? What have you done with all the College youths?—This is the first vacation you ever came home unaccompanied, and I assure you *we* are quite disappointed.

Geo. Oh, most unconscionable Woman! Never to be satisfied with conquest—There's poor Lumley shot through by your wicked eyes.

Bella. A notable victory indeed!—however, his name serves to make a figure in the lists of one's conquests, and so you may give him just hope enough to feed his sighs,—but not to encourage his presumption.

Geo. Paragon of generosity!—And what portion of comfort will your Ladyship bestow on Egerton and Filmer, who still hug the chains of the resistless Arabella?

Bella. Upon my word, your catalogue grows interesting—'tis worth while now to enquire for your vouchers—Proofs, George, proofs.

B

Geo. Why, the first writes sonnets in your praise, and the last toasts you till he can't see.

Bella. Oh, excellent!—The Dulcinea of one—and Circe of the other—ha! ha!—to transform him into a beast—I hope you have better love-tokens for the blushing Harriet—How does—

Harriet. Fye, Bella—you use me ill.

Geo. Why, Sister, you plead guilty, before the charge is exhibited—But tell me, my sweet Harriet, who is this favour'd mortal, of whom you mean to enquire?

Har. Indeed, Brother, I have no enquiries to make; but I imagine my Cousin can inform you whom she meant.

Bella. Oh, doubtless—but you look so offended, Harriet, that I dare not venture the enquiry: ask for Sir Charles Seymour yourself.

Geo. Seymour! Ho, ho! Very fine truly! [*aside.*] If Seymour be the man, my Sister, set your heart at rest—he is on the point of marriage, if I am not mistaken, with a fine blooming Girl, not more than eighteen.—Soft, dove-like eyes—pouting lips—teeth that were, doubtless, made of oriental pearl—a neck—I want a simile now—ivory, wax, alabaster!—no; they won't do.

Har. [*with an air of pique.*] One would imagine, Brother, you were drawing the picture of your own Mistress, instead of Sir Charles's, your colours are so warm.

Geo. A fine Woman, Harriet, gives warmth to all around her—She is that universal spirit, about which Philosophers talk; the true point of attraction that governs Nature, and controuls the universe of Man.

Bella. Heiday, George! Did the charms of Lady Dinah inspire this rhapsody?

Geo. Charms! What, of that antiquated, sententious, delicate Lady, who bless'd us with her long speeches at dinner?

Bel. You must learn to be more respectful in your epithets, Sir; for that sententious, delicate Lady designs you the honour of becoming your Mother.

Geo. My Mother! Heaven forefend—you jest, surely.

Bel. You shall judge.—We met her in our late visit to Bath—She renewed her acquaintance with your Father, with whom, in Mrs. Hargrave's life-time, she had been intimate—He invited her to return with us, and she has been here this month—They are frequently

closeted together—She has *forty thousand pounds*, and is Sister to an Irish Peer.

Geo. She might have been Grandmother to the Peer, by the days she has numbered—But her excessive propriety and decorum overcome me—How can they agree with my father's vociferation, O'tober, and hounds?

Bel. Oh, I assure you, wondrously well—she kisses Jowler, takes Ringwood on her lap, and has, more than once, sipp'd out of your Father's tankard.—Delicacies, Cousin, are easily made to give way, when we have certain ends to answer.

Geo. Very true; and beware of that period, when delicacies *must* give way—tremble at the hour, Bella, when you'll rise from the labours of your toilette with no end in view, but the conquest of some Quixote Galant in his grand climacteric—on whom you'll squander more encouraging glances, than all the sighs and ardor of two and twenty can extort from you now.

Bel. *Memento mori!* Quite a College compliment: you ought rather to have supposed that my power will increase; and that, like Ninon, I might give myself the airs of eighteen at eighty—But here's John coming to summon us to coffee.—Harriet!

Geo. Come, Harriet—why that pensive air? Give me your hand.

Har. Excuse me—I'll only step and look at my birds, and follow you instantly—[*Exeunt George and Bella playfully.*]—“Set your heart at rest, my Sister.”—Oh, Brother!—you have robb'd that heart of rest for ever.—Cruel intelligence!—Something has long sat heavy in my bosom—and now the weight is irremovable—Perfidious Seymour!—yet, of what can I accuse him? He never profess'd to love me—Oh yes, his ardent looks—his sighs—his confusion—his respectful attentions, have a thousand times profess'd the strongest passion—Surely, a man cannot, in honour, be exculpated, who by such methods defrauds a Woman of her heart; even tho' the word Love should never pass his lips. Yet I ought not to have trusted these seeming proofs—no; I must only blame my own credulity—O partial Nature!—why have you given us hearts so replete with tenderness, and minds so weak, so yielding?

THE RUNAWAY,

SCENE, *a Garden Parlour.**Enter GEORGE and BELLA at the Garden Door.**BELLA seating herself at a Tea-table.*

Bel. Hang this Lady Dinah—one's forc'd to be so dress'd, and so formal!—In the country we should be all shepherds and shepherdesses—Meadows, ditches, rooks, and court-manners, are the strangest combination!

Geo. Hilt—she's in the hall, I see—I'll go and 'squire her in. *[Exit George, and returns with Lady Dinah.]*

Lady D. To you, Sir, who have been so long conversant with the fine manners of the Antients, the frivolous custom of tea-drinking must appear ridiculous.

Geo. No custom can be ridiculous, Madam, that gives us the society of the Ladies—The young men of those days deserve your Ladyship's pity, for having never tasted these elegant hours.

Lady D. *[aside.]* He is just what his Father described.

Enter Mr. HARGRAVE.

Mr. H. No;—Barbary Bess is spavin'd; let her be taken care of: I'll have Longshanks, and see that he's saddled by five—So we sha'n't have you in the hunt tomorrow, George,—you must have more time to shake off the lazy rust of Cambridge, I suppose.—What sort of hours d'ye keep at College?

Geo. Oh, Sir, we are frequently up before the Sun, there.

Mr. H. Hah!—then 'tis when you ha'n't been in bed all night, I believe.—And how do you stand in other matters?—Have the musty old Dons tired you with their Greek, and their Geometry, and their learned Experiments to shew what air, and fire, and water, are made of? Ha! ha! ha!

Bella. Oh, no, Sir—he never studied them closely enough to be tired—his Philosophy and mine keep pretty equal pace, I believe.

Geo. As usual, my lively Cousin —If you had said my Philosophy and your Coquetry, I should have thought you had meant to compliment me—However, Sir, I am not tired of my studies—though Bella has not exactly hit the reason.

Lady D. to *Mr. H.* The Muses, Sir, sufficiently recompence the most painful assiduities by which we obtain their favour—Their *true* lovers are never satiated with the pleasures they bestow—those, indeed, who court them, like the Toasts of the season, *because* it is the fashion, are neither warm'd by their beauties, nor penetrated with their charms—but these are faithless Knights;—your Son, I dare say, has enlisted himself among their sincerest Votaries.

Geo. You do me great honour, Madam,—I have no doubt but you are perfectly acquainted with the Muses. They shed their favours on a few only—but those who share them must, like you, be irresistible. I'll catch her Ladyship's style. [*aside.*

Mr. H. [*aside.*] Humph—I am glad he likes her.

Lady Dinah. You men are so full of flattery! In Athens, in Lacedemon, that vice was for ages unknown—it was then the Athenians were the happiest, and the Lacedemonians the—

Bella. Oh mercy!—I have burnt my fingers in the most terrible manner. [*Enter Harriet from the Garden.*] I wish the misfortune had happened to her Ladyship's tongue. [*aside.*

Har. Dear Bella, I am quite concerned.

Bella. Pho!—I only meant to break in upon her harangue, there's no bearing so much Wisdom.

[*Enter Servant.*

Serv. Mr. Drummond.

Enter Mr. DRUMMOND,

Mr. D. *Benedicite!*—ah!—my dear Godson!—why, this is an unexpected pleasure—I did not know you were arrived.

Geo. I have had that happiness only a few hours, Sir, and I was on the point of paying my devoirs to you at the Park.

Mr. D. Ungracious Rogue! a few hours, and not been with me yet!—however—stay where you are, stay where you are, George—you cannot come under my roof with safety now, I assure you; such a pair of eyes, such a bloom, such a shape!—Ah Girls, Girls!

Har. Dear Mr. Drummond, of what, or whom, are you talking? You make me quite jealous.

Mr. D. Oh! you are all out-done, eclipsed—you have no chance with my *Incognita*—Then she has the prettiest foot—and moves a Grace!

Bel. Teasing creature!

Mr. D. Pretty Bella!—well, it shall be satisfied. Mr. Hargrave, I wait on you, Sir, to request an apartment for a young Lady of beauty, and honour, who hath put herself under my protection.—But as I really think my house a dangerous situation for her, considering that I am single, young and handsome, [*stroking his face*] I cannot in conscience expose her to it.—You, being a grave, orderly man, and having a couple of decent, well-behaved young women for a Daughter and Niece; I think she will be more agreeably protected here—and this is my business.

Mr. H. A young Lady who hath put herself under your protection! Who is she?

Mr. D. Her name she wishes to conceal.

Mr. H. That's very odd—Where did you meet with her?

Mr. D. At the house of a Widow Tenant of mine, a few miles from hence, where she had taken refuge from a marriage to which an Uncle would have forced her.—She had no companion but the good old Lady, whom I found employed in assisting her to weep, instead of consoling her.—In short, there were *reasons* to think her situation highly dangerous, and I prevail'd on her to leave it.

Har. And so your credulity is again taken in, and the air of a weeping Beauty is the trap that caught you?—Ha, ha! ha!—Will you never be sick of impositions?

Mr. D. I don't remember that I was ever imposed on.

Mr. H. No! don't I know how many people you have plagued yourself about, who had not a grain of merit to deserve it?

Mr. D. I want *merit* Mr. Hargrave; yet all the blessings of health and fortune have not been withheld from *me*.

Mr. H. Aye, aye—there's no getting you to hear reason on this subject.

Mr. D. 'Tis too late to reason now. The young Lady is at my house—I have promised to bring her here, and we must endeavour to raise the poor Girl's spirits. She would have spoil'd the prettiest face in England—beg pardon, Ladies—*one* of the prettiest faces, with weeping at the old Widows.

Bel. An old Widow, a pretty Girl, a Lover, a tyrannical Uncle—'tis a charming group for the amusement of a village circle.—I long to see this Beauty.

Lady D. Her beauty, according to Mr. Drummond, may be conspicuous enough—but her pretensions to *birth* and *honour* seem to be a more doubtful matter.

Geo. Pardon me, Madam, why should we doubt of either? A Lady in such a situation has a right to protection; [*to his Father*] and I hope, Sir, you will not withhold yours.

Mr. H. Oh, no, to be sure, George.—'Sbud! refuse protection to a fine Girl!—'twould be, with you, a crying Sin, I warrant—but Mr. Drummond, I should suppose—

Mr. D. Come, be satisfied, the weaknesses with which you reproach me, might have induced me to have snatched her from an alarming situation without much examination.—But, in compliment to your delicacy, I have made proper enquiries.—She was placed under the care of Mrs. Carlton by a person of credit.—She has dispatched a messenger to her Uncle, who, I presume, will be here to-morrow.

Har. Pray, Sir, permit us to wait on the Lady, and conduct her here; I am strongly interested for her.

Mr. H. 'Tis an odd affair—what say you to it, my Lady?

Lady D. As your Family seem desirous to receive her, Sir, I am sorry to perceive an impropriety in the request—but I should apprehend that any appearance of encouragement to young Ladies in *disobedience*—particularly when accompanied with the glaring indecorum of an elopement—

Mr. H. Aye, very true—'Sbud, Mr. Drummond, how can you encourage such—

Mr. D. Madam, I do not mean to encourage, but to restore the young Lady to her family. She seems terrified at the peculiar severity of her Uncle's temper; so we'll put ourselves in form, receive him in full assembly, and divide his anger amongst us.—Your Ladyship, I'm sure, must be happy to render the recovery of the *first false step* as easy as possible.

Mr. H. Why aye, my Lady—there can be no harm in that, you know.

Lady D. Very well, Sir—if you think so, I can have no farther objection.

Mr. H. Well then, Harriet, you may go—I think.

Bella. And I with you, Cousin.

Mr. D. Come then, my pretty doves—I'll escort you.—George, steel your heart, steel your heart, you Rogue. [*Exeunt.*

Geo. It is steel'd, Sir.

Mr. H. You need not go, George—I want to speak to you.

Lady D. Bless me!—what does he intend to say now?—he's going to open the affair to his Son—well—these are the most awkward moments in a Woman's life—but one must go through it. [*aside.*] I have letters to write, which I'll take this leisure to do, if you'll pardon my absence, Gentlemen.

Mr. H. To be sure, Madam [*both bowing. Exit Lady D.*—Well, George, how do you like that Lady?

Geo. Extravagantly, Sir,—I never saw a Lady so learn'd.

Mr. H. Oh, she's clever—she's an Earl's Sister too, and a forty thousand pounder, boy.

Geo. That's a fine fortune.

Mr. H. Aye, very fine, very fine—and then her interest!—suppose I could prevail with her—eh, George—if one could keep her in the family, I say—would not that be a stroke?

Geo. An alliance with so noble a family, Sir, is certainly a desirable circumstance.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Gentlemen are in the smoaking parlour, Sir.

Mr. H. Very well—are the pipes and October in readiness?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Mr. H. Well then, we'll talk over the affair to-morrow—what—I suppose your stomach is too squeamish for tobacco and strong beer?—you'll find the Justice, and some more of your old friends there.

Geo. Pardon me, Sir, I made too free with the bottle at dinner, and have felt the effects in my head ever since—I believe a turn in the garden is a better recipe than the fumes of tobacco.

Mr. H. Well, well, we won't dispute the matter with you now, boy—but you know I don't like milkfops.

Geo. [*smiling.*] Nor I, Sir. [*Bows and exit.*

Mr. H. Aye, aye, George is a brave Boy—O'ld England is disgraced by a set of whipsters who affect to despise the jolly manners of their Ancestors, while they only serve to shew us, how greatly manners may be alter'd without being mended—

Enter JUSTICE.

Justice. 'Sbud, I don't know that we are a bit wiser, happier, or greater, than we were in good old Bess's days—when our Men of Rank were robust, and our Women of Fashion buxom.

Justice. Aye, aye, a plague on all the innovations that tend to produce a race of *pretty fellows* instead of *Englishmen*—and puny girls, for the Mothers of Heroes—Give me a rosy buxom lass, with eyes that sparkle like the glasses we toast her in—adad, I'd drink her health till the world danced round like a top—But, what a plague, 'Squire, d'ye stay here for? come into t'other room, and if you have a mind to make wise speeches there, we can drink in the mean time, and *then* what you say will have a proper effect.

Mr. H. Well, well, I'll go, but I want to consult you—I have been thinking whether this Greenwood estate—

Jus. Tush—you know very well, I can neither consider or advise, till I have had my brace—I am as dark, till the liquor sends its spirits into my brains, as a lantern without its candle—so, if you've any knotty point to propose, keep it till I'm enlighten'd.

Mr. H. Well, come along. [*Going. Enter Clerk.*]

Cl. The people from the Crown, Sir, and the Rose, and the Antelope, are here again about their licences.

Jus. [*To Mr. H.*] There—this is what I got by coming for you—I charged the Butler not to let this dog in.—[*to the clerk*] Why, how can I help it?—bid 'em come again to-morrow—'tis of no consequence.

Cl. And here's a Pauper to be pass'd—a lame Man with four Children.

Har. Well, turn him over to the Cook, and let him wait till we are at leisure.

Cl. And a Constable has brought up a man, for breaking into farmer Thompson's barn last night.

Jus. Has he? [*seeming irresolute*] well, tell him to wait too—we are going to be busy now, and can't be disturb'd. But bid him take care he doesn't let the prisoner escape, as he did that dog Farlow, d'ye hear?

Cl. Yes, Sir—but—Justice Manly is now in the smoaking-room—I've spoke to him about the licences, and we may'nt have another bench this—

Jus. Will you please to march, Sir? [*Exit Clerk.*]

Mr. H. Well done, old Boy—Burn himself could not have dispatch'd business with more expedition.

[*Going. Enter Servant.*]

Ser. The Miller is here, Sir, with a man that he cotch'd with a hare that he had taken in the springe—but the poor fellow, please your Honour, has a large family.

[*Hargr. and the Justice return.*]

Mr. H. What! a Hare—Come along, Justice.

[*Exit another way.*]

A burst of laughter from the smoaking room.—the Justice looks wistfully back, and then follows Mr. Hargrave.

SCENE, the Garden.

Enter GEORGE reading.

Geo. Here's a special Fellow of a Philosopher now—would persuade that Pleasure has no existence, when bounteous Nature teems with her—she courts my senses in a thousand varied modes—She possesses herself of my understanding in the shape of Reason—and she seizes my heart in the form of Woman, dear, beauteous, all-subduing Woman. And there is one—Memory, be faithful to her charms! Shew me the beauteous form, the animated face, the mind that beam'd in her eyes—the blushing smile that repaid my admiration, and raised an altar in my heart, on which every other passion is sacrificed—on which every hope, desire, and wish, is sanctified by her.

Enter BELLA.

Bella. Oh, monstrous—George Hargrave moralizing in the garden, whilst the finest girl in England is in the parlour!—what is become of your gallantry?

Geo. Gone, sweet Cousin, gone.

Bel. Indeed! who has robb'd you of it?

Geo. A Woman.

Bel. Come then, and regain it from a Woman, and such a Woman—

Geo. Is she so beautiful?

Bel. Beautiful! look at me,—I myself am not so handsome.

Geo. Ha! ha! ha!—that, I confess, is an infallible criterion.—But I'll bet this whole volume of Wisdom,

against one of your Billet-doux, that she's not within fifty degrees of her who witch'd away my heart.

Bel. Witch'd it indeed, if in six weeks it has not made one excursion—I never knew you so constant before. However, I prophesy her charm is broke; the Divinity who will reign—perhaps for another six weeks—is coming down the steps with Harriet—but, that her rays may not dazzle your mortal sight, shelter yourself behind the clump, and examine her. [George goes and returns.

Well, how d'ye like her?

Geo. Like her!—the air is all Ambrosia—every happy constellation is in conjunction—each bounteous star has lent its influence, and Venus guided the event.

Bel. Heyday—what event? Sure this cannot be your Masquerade Lady!

Geo. It is, it is—she is the sweet Thief—she is my Wood Nymph—Oh, I am transported!

Bel. And I—amazed!—how can it—

Geo. No matter how—whether by chance or witchcraft—Now could I apostrophize—Pshaw—away, and at her feet—these transports— [Going.

Enter Mr. DRUMMOND.

Mr. Drum. So, so, so,—and pray, what's the cause of these transports?

Geo. You are the cause—'tis to you, my dear Mr. Drummond, I am indebted for the happiness which dawns on me.

Mr. Drum. Then, God grant, my dear Boy, the dawn may not deceive thee—I wish it to brighten into the fairest day—But how have I been instrumental to all this?

Geo. That Lady I have seen before at a Masquerade—She possessed herself of my heart at once, but I despair'd of ever beholding her again—Pray present me— [Going.]

Mr. Drum. Hold, George, hold—perhaps you'd better never be presented; for, tho' you may have put her in possession of your heart, 'tis by no means an evidence, that she has had the same complaisance for you—Suppose, for instance, such a trifle as hers being engaged.

Bella. Oh unconscionable! to fancy the galloping imagination of a man in love, capable of so reasonable a supposition!—But, pray have so much decency, George, to postpone your *entrée* till you are more composed, I'll

go, and prepare her for the reception of a strange creature, that you may appear to advantage. [Exit.

Geo. Advantage! oh, I will hope every advantage, from so fortunate a chance—her heart cannot—shall not be engaged—and she shall be mine—Pardon, my dear Sir, these effusions of my joy.

Mr. D. I do pardon them—'tis an odd circumstance, —Are you acquainted with the Lady's name?

Geo. No one knew her—She seemed like an Angel descended to astonish her beholders, and vanish the moment she had fixt their hearts—Unluckily Mrs. Fitzherbert stopt me, and a jealous coxcomb in her train seized that moment, to hurry her out of the room.

Mr. D. That misfortune, perhaps, I can repair—but you seem so extravagantly disposed to raptures, that I hardly dare tell you I know something of her family.

Geo. I am rejoiced—for I am convinced you know nothing that will not justify my passion.

Mr. D. This eagerness to believe might have been so fatal, that I tremble for you—But you are fortunate—she is the Daughter of a deceased Major Morley—a man, to whose friendship, and elegance of manners, I was indebted for happy and rational hours, amidst the bustle of a Camp.

Geo. Fortunate indeed! for then my passion must have your sanction—but I thought you had not known—

Mr. D. I knew her Father's picture on her arm—but her delicacy is so alarmed at the idea of exposing the name of her Family in such a situation, that she would not consent to be introduced here, but on condition of its being conceal'd.

Geo. Charming delicacy! I will keep her secret. My only consolation was, that such a Woman could not be long concealed, and it would have been the business of my life, till I had discover'd her— but your goodness has brought about the event—your goodness, to which I owe more than—

Mr. D. Nay, stop your acknowledgements, and don't arrogate to your own merits the affection I have for you; for, transcendent as without doubt they are, you owe great part of it to circumstances, in which they have very little concern.

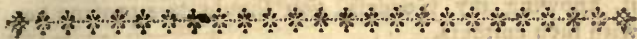
Geo. I am contented to hold your esteem by any tie—But, dear Sir, the Lady—

Mr. D. Impatient Rogue!—Well, come, I'll introduce you, and may the moment be auspicious! [Exit.

Geo. May it! Oh Love, sweet Tyrant! I yield my heart to thee a willing slave—to Love I devote my future life—never more shall I experience the aching void of indifference, or know one moment unoccupied by thee.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE, a Court before the House.

Enter a HUNT. A Flourish of Horns.

Hollo! hollo! ye hoicks, Hargrave, ille, ille, boo.

First Hunter.

ZOUNDS, 'tis almost seven;—[*looking at his watch*] the scent will be cold—let's rouse the lazy rogue with a song.

Second Hunt. Aye, a good thought—come, begin.

S O N G.

*Arouse, and break the bands of sleep;
Blush, Idler, blush, such hours to keep.
Somnus! what blifs canst thou bestow,
Equal to that which Hunters know,
Whether the mountains they attain,
Or swiftly dart across the plain?
Somnus! what joys canst thou bestow,
Equal to those which Hunters know?*

*Hark thro' the wood, how our music resounds!
The horns re-echoed, more sweet by the hounds.*

*Deep-throated and clear,
Our spirits they cheer;
They give us such glee,
No danger we see,
But follow with pleasure:
'Tis joy beyond measure*

*To be the first in at the death—at the death,
To be, &c.*

Enter GEORGE from the House.

First Gent. Hah, my young Hercules!—But how now, in this dress! don't you hunt with us?

Geo. Oh, I have only changed liveries,—I used to wear that of Adonis—but now I serve his mistress—Venus.

Second Gent. And a most hazardous service you have chosen—I would rather subject myself to the fate of Acteon, than to the caprice and insolence of the handsomest Coquette in England.

Geo. Acteon's fate would be less than you'd deserve, if, knowing my Goddess, you should dare profane her with such epithets.

Second Gent. May I never start Puffs, if I believe your Goddess to be more than a very Woman—that is, a being whose soul is vanity—taste, voluptuousness—form, deceitful—and manners, unnatural.

Geo. Heyday!—turn'd Satyrist on the sex at eight and twenty!—What jilting Blowfalind has work'd this miracle?

Second Gent. Faith, I take my copies from higher schools—Amongst the Blowfalinds there is still Nature and Honesty—but examine our Drawing-rooms, Operas, and Water-drinking places—you'll find the first turn'd fairly out of doors, and the last exchanged for Affectation and Hypocrisy—so henceforward [*smacking his whip*] I abandon all Ladies, but those of the woods, and chase only the harmless game, to which my sagacious hounds conduct me. [*Exit.*]

Geo. Ha! ha!—and in a short time be fit society for your hounds only. Good morning, Sir.

Enter Mr. HARGRAVE and the Justice.

Mr. H. So, George—Come, you'd better mount—I'll give you a Lecture upon Air, and the advantages of a good Constitution, on our Downs, worth all you cou'd hear in a musty College these fifty years.

Geo. I beg, Sir, to be excus'd this morning—to-morrow I'll resume my usual post, and lead where you only will venture to follow me.

Mr. H. Well—we shall put you to the test. [*Exit.*]

Justice to Geo. Yes, yes, you're a keen Sportsman—I saw the Game you are in pursuit of, scudding away to the garden—beat the bushes, and I'll warrant you'll start her, and run her down too.

Third Gent. Egad! I started a fine young Puffs a few days ago—She seem'd shy, and made her doublings; but I stuck to the scent, and shou'd infallibly have got her, if that sly poaching rogue, Drummond, had not laid a springle in her way.

Justice. Why, she's the very Puffs I mean; he hous'd her here. [Exit.]

Third Gent. Oh, ho! then I suppose he only pointed the game for you—Sweet Sir, your humble—After College commons, a coarser dish than Pheasant, I think, might have gone down.

Geo. Your whip, Sir—your bit wants lashing. To talk thus of Mr. Drummond, whom you *do* know, is not more insolent than your profanation of a Lady whom you do *not* know.

Third Gent. O! cry you mercy—Plague take me if I quarrel for any wench in England—You are heartily welcome to her, Sir, only I hope another time you'll be honest, and hunt without a stalking-horse. [Exit.]

Geo. Barbarian! How critically did Mr. Drummond relieve the lovely Girl—This brute had discovered her, and she would have suffered every indignity that Ignorance, supported by the pride of Fortune, could have inflicted. In the garden—that's fortunate beyond my expectations—'midst groves and fountains—the very scene where a lover should tell his tale--and the sweet consciousness which beamed in her eyes last night, flatters me that she will not *bate* me for my tale—I'll go in all the confidence of hope. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *the Garden.*

Enter EMILY.

Em. What an heavenly morning!—surely 'tis in England that Summer keeps her court—for she's no where else so lovely.—And what a sweet garden this is!—But tell me, my heart—is it the brightness of the morning, the verdure of the garden, the melody of the birds, that gives thee these enchanting sensations?—Ah, no!—it is that thou hast found thy Lord—it is, that I have again seen the Man, who, since I first beheld him, has been the only image in my mind.—How different from the empty, the presuming Baldwin!—yet, I owe *him* this obligation—if his hateful perseverance had not forced me from London, I might never have seen, but once, the Man who, *that once*, possess'd himself of my tenderest wishes.— Ha! [starting.]

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Abroad so early, Madam!—the fine Ladies in London are yet in their first sleep.

Em. It would have been impossible to have resisted the chearful call of the Hunters, if the morning had been less enticing.

Geo. Oh, do not imagine yourself obliged to the Hunters, Madam, it was my good Genius—I thank her—that inspired them, and did me the favour to lead me here.

Em. • If she usually influences you to no better purpose, her claims to your gratitude are but weak.

Geo. • 'Till lately I thought so, and supposed myself influenced by the worst Genius that ever fell to the lot of a poor mortal—but she has entirely retrieved herself in my opinion, and by two or three capital strokes has made me forget her unlucky pranks, and believe her one of the best disposed Sylphs in all the regions of Fancy.

Em. [*smiling.*] • You recommend this aërial attendant very strongly—Have you any intention to part from her?

Geo. • I would willingly exchange her—if your Genius would be so obliging to take a fancy to me—I'll accept her with all my heart—and give you mine.

Em. • You wou'd lose by the exchange.

Geo. • Impossible!—for my quondam friend would say a thousand things for me, that I could not for myself—so I should gain your good opinion—and that would be well gained, whatever I might lose to attain it.

Em. • Your Genius is, at least, a gallant one, I perceive—but I was on the point of leaving the garden, Sir.—The Ladies, I imagine, are risen by this time.

Geo. Indeed they are not, but if they should—these are precious moments, which I must not lose—may I presume to use them in telling you how happy I am, in the event which placed you in my Father's house?—but you have, perhaps, forgot the presumptuous Tancred, who gave such disturbance to the Gentleman honour'd by protecting you, at the Masquerade?

Em. No, Sir, I remember—and, if I don't mistake, you were nearly engaged in a *fracas* with that Gentleman—I was happy, when I observ'd you stopt by a mask, and seized that moment to leave the room.

Geo. A moment, Madam, that I have never ceas'd to regret 'till now—but *that* which I at present possess, is a felicity so unexpected, and unhop'd for—

Em. You forget, Sir, these gallantries are out of place here—under a mask, a Shepherd may sigh, or an Eastern Prince amuse himself in saying the most extravagant things—but they know there are delicacies to be observed in real life, quite incompatible with the freedoms of a Masquerade.

Geo. Whilst you are thus severe on mere gallantries, I will venture to hope that a most tender and respectful passion will be treated more favourably.

Em. Sir!

Geo. I comprehend, Madam, what your delicacy must feel, and will therefore only add, that from the first moment I beheld you, my heart has known no other object. You have been the Mistress of its Wishes—and you *are* the Mistress of its Fate.

Em. (*hesitatingly*) Indeed, Sir, this declaration, at a time when I must appear in so strange a light to your family, hurts me greatly—I can scarcely believe you mean it a compliment—but, surely, my situation here ought—

Geo. I acknowledge, Madam, the confession I have dared to make, is premature—it is ill timed—nothing can excuse it, but the peculiarity of our situation.—When I reflect, that in a few moments your Uncle may arrive, that he may snatch you from us, and that such an opportunity never may be mine again—

[*Enter Mr. Drummond.*

Mr. D. So, so, my young ones, have I found you? 'tis a most delicious morning—but is it usual with you, Madam, to taste the air so early?

Em. Yes, Sir—in the Country, at least—I seldom murder such hours in sleep.

Mr. D. Aye, 'tis to that practice you are indebted for the roses in your cheeks—What, I suppose, you brought the Lady into the garden, George, to read her a lecture on Vegetation—to explain the nature and cause of Heat—or, perhaps, more abstracted subjects have engaged—

Geo. Stop, dear Sir—I assure you I am not abstracted enough to enter on these subjects with such an object before me—I found the Lady here, and had scarcely paid her my morning compliments when you appeared.

Mr. D. For which you do not thank me, I presume—but come, Madam, you are *my* ward, 'till I have the pleasure of presenting you to your Uncle; and I come to conduct you to breakfast. George, you may follow; but take care you keep your distance.

[*Exeunt Mr. D. and Emily.*

Geo. Distance!—as well might you persuade the shadow to forsake its Sun, or erring mortals give up hopes of mercy.

—With what sweet confidence she gives her hand to Mr Drummond!—if these are the privileges of Age, I'll be young no longer. [Exit.

SCENE, Lady DINAH's Dressing-Room.

Lady Dinah dressing, Susan attending.

Lady Dinah. Both in the garden—and in deep conversation!

Susan. It appear'd so, my Lady, as I saw them from the window—he looked eagerly in her face; and she blush'd, and seem'd confused.

Lady D. Confused indeed!—yes, so the Impertinent affected to appear last night—tho' it was evident she had neither eyes nor thoughts but for Mr. Hargrave's Son—who paid her those attentions which, from the present habits of life, are paid to every Woman—tho', I think, Mr. George Hargrave should be superior to these modern gallantries.

Suf. I dares to say she is some impostor—Husbands in good truth are not so plenty, that a woman need run away to escape one.

Lady D. I have no doubt of her being a low person—and as to her prettiness, 'tis of the kind one sees in wooden Dolls—cherry-colour cheeks, and eyes, that from the total absence of expression might be taken for glafs.

Suf. I wonder Mr. Hargrave did not stand by his own opinion, and let her stay where she was; but whatever Mr. Drummond says is law here.

Lady D. Because Mr. Hargrave imagines he'll make his Son his heir—but if he does, he'll only share with the paupers of the neighbouring villages; for these Mr. Drummond seems to consider his family; and I am mistaken, if he does n't find it a pretty expensive one.

Suf. Oh, Ma'am, he believes every melancholy tale that's told him as a proof of his piety—Here's the Bow, my Lady—but as he fancies her prettyness was in danger, he had better have kept her in his own house, and stood guard himself.

Lady D. Aye—that employment, or any other that would keep him at home, might be useful—Want of rest [*looking in the glafs*] absolutely transforms me—the detestable Horns, and their noisy accompaniment, waked me from the most delightful dream—How do I look to-day, Susan?

Suf. Oh, charmingly, my Lady.

Lady D. 'Tis a most provoking circumstance, the colour of my hair should be so soon changed—but Mrs. Gibson's Liquid entirely hides that accident, I believe.

Suf. Entirely, my Lady—and then, her Bloom, it is impossible to distinguish from nature.

Lady D. You need not speak so loud. In compliance with the custom of modern times, a woman is forced to keep the use of these sort of things as secretly as she would an Illegitimate Birth. It was not so among the Antients—The Roman Ladies made a point of excelling in Arts of this kind; and the Empress Poppea was not ashamed to carry in her train five hundred Asses, in whose milk she bathed every morning for the benefit of her complexion.

Suf. Five hundred Asses in one Lady's train!—thank Heaven, we have no such engrossing now-a-days—our Toasts have all their full share.

Lady D. Indeed! Mrs. Susan, [*half smiling*] this wench has ideas. Pray, what do you think of the young Collegian?

Suf. Oh, my Lady, he is the sweetest, smartest Man—I think he is exactly like the picture of your Ladyship's Brother, that died when he was eighteen.

Lady D. People used to say *that* Brother, and myself, bore a strong resemblance.

Suf. I dare to say you did, my Lady; for there's something in the turn of young Mr. Hargrave's face, vastly like your Ladyship's. [*laughing behind her.*]

Lady D. Well, Susan—I believe I may trust you—I think you can be faithful.

Suf. Most surely, my Lady—I would rather die than betray your Ladyship.

Lady D. Well, then—I protest I hardly know how to acknowledge it—But—

Susan. But what, my Lady?—your Ladyship alarms me.

Lady D. I too am alarm'd—but I know your faith—
[*sighs.*] There will soon be a most intimate and never to be dissolved connexion between me—and—young Mr. Hargrave.

Suf. Young Mr. Hargrave, Madam!

Lady D. Yes, Young Mr. Hargrave, Madam—What dost stretch thy eyes so widely at, wench?—Mr. George Hargrave, I say, is to be my Husband—I am to be his Wife—Is it past thy comprehension?

THE RUNAWAY,

Suf. I most humbly beg your Ladyship's pardon—it was my surprize—the whole house concludes your Ladyship is to marry Old Mr. Hargrave—but, to be sure, the Son is a much more suitable match for your Ladyship.

Lady D. Old Mr. Hargrave, indeed!—the whole house is very impertinent in its conclusions—Go, and bring the Bergamot hither. [*Exit Suf.*] I marry Old Mr. Hargrave! monstrous absurdity! and by so preposterous an union to become the mother of that fine fellow, his Son!—'twould be insupportable—no, Mistress Susan, 'tis Young Mr. Hargrave I am to marry. [*Enter Susan with the Bergamot.*]—Here, scent that handkerchief, while I write to my agent to prepare matters for the writings. [*Exit. Susan alone, scenting the handkerchief.*]

Suf. To prepare matters for the writings! a very fine business indeed; and what you'll sorely repent of, my good Lady, take my word for it—All those scented waters, nor any other waters, will be able to keep up your spirits this time twelvemonth—A “never to be dissolved connexion,” between fifty and twenty-one, ha! ha! ha!—I shall burst with the ridiculous secret—I must find Jarvis, and give it vent—“never to be dissolved connexion!”—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

Enter GEORGE, HARRIET, and BELLA.

Bel. What transformations this Love can make! You look as grave, George, and speak as sententious, as an Old-Bailey Fortune-teller.

Geo. And is it only to preserve your spirits, Bella, that you keep your heart so cold?

Bel. The recipe is certainly not a bad one, if we may judge from the effects of the opposite element on *your* spirits—but I advise you, whatever you do, not to assume an appearance of gravity—'tis the most dangerous character in the world.

Geo. How so?

Bel. Oh, the advantages you would lose by it are inconceivable. While you can sustain that of a giddy, thoughtless, undesigning, *great Boy*, all the impertinent and foolish things you commit will be excus'd—laugh'd at—nay, if accompanied by a certain manner, they will be applauded—but do the same things with a grave reflecting face, and an important air—and you'll be condemn'd, *nem. con.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Charles Seymour is driving up the avenue, Sir.
[*Exit.*]

Geo. Is he?—I am rejoiced——

Har. Sir Charles Seymour, Brother?—I thought you told us yesterday he was on the point of marriage.

Geo. Well, my dear Harriet, and what then? Is his being on the point of marriage any reason why he should not be here?—he is even now hastening to pay his devoirs to the Lady—I left him yesterday at a friend's house on the road, and he promised to call on us in his way to-day——but I hear him——
[*Exit.*]

Bel. Harriet, you look quite pale——I had no conception that Sir Charles was of *serious* consequence to you.

Har. My dear Bella—I am ashamed of myself—I'll go with you to your dressing-room—I must not see him while I look so ridiculously——I dread my Brother's raillery.

Bel. Come then, hold by me. Deuce take it, what business have women with hearts?—If I could influence the House, handsome men should be shut out of society, 'till they grew harmless, by becoming Husbands.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GEORGE and Sir CHARLES.

Geo. Ha! the birds are flown.

Sir Cha. Let us pursue 'em then.

Geo. Pho—they are not worth pursuing——Bella's a Coquette, and Harriet's in love.

Sir Ch. Harriet in love!

Geo. Aye, she's in for't, depend on't—but that's nothing, I have intelligence for the man—my *Incognita's* found, she's now in the house—my beautiful Wood Nymph!

Sir Ch. Miss Hargrave's heart another's!

Geo. Miss Hargrave's heart another's—why, my Sister's heart is certainly engaged—but how's all this?

Sir Ch. O George! I love—I love your Sister—to distraction, doat on her.

Geo. A pretty time, for the mountain to give up its burthen truly! Why did you not tell me this before? If your heart had been as open to me, as mine has ever been to you—I might have serv'd you; but now—

Sir Ch. Oh, reproach me not, but pity me—I love your Sister—long have lov'd her.

Geo. And not intrust your love to me!—You distrusted me, Charles, and you'll be *properly* punish'd.

Sir Ch. Severely am I punish'd—fool, fool, that I was, thus to have built a superstructure of happiness for all my life to come, that in one moment dissolves into air! I cannot see your Sister—I must leave you.

Geo. Indeed, you shall not leave me, Seymour—On what grounds did you build your hopes, that you seem so greatly disappointed?—Had my Sister accepted your addresses?

Sir Ch. No—I never presumed to make her any—my fortune was so small, that I had no hopes of obtaining your Father's consent—and therefore made it a point of honour not to endeavour to gain her affection.

Geo. Yes, yes, you took great care. [*aside.*]

Sir Ch. But my Uncle's death having removed every cause of fear on that head, I flatter'd myself I had nothing else to apprehend.

Geo. Courage, my friend, and your difficulties may vanish. 'Tis your humble distant lovers who have sung thro' every age of their scornful Phillis's—You never knew a bold fellow, who could love Women without mistaking 'em for Angels, whine about their cruelty.

Sir Ch. Do you not tell me your Sister's heart is engaged?—Then what have I to struggle for? it was her heart I wish'd to possess. Could Miss Hargrave be indelicate enough, which I am sure she could not, to bestow her hand on me without it, I would reject it.

Geo. Bravo!—nobly resolved! keep it up by all means.—Come now, I'll introduce you to one of the finest Girls you ever saw in your life—but remember you are not to suffer your heart to be interested there, for that's my quarry—and death to the man who attempts to rob me of my prize!

Sir Ch. Oh, you are very secure, I assure you—my heart is adamant from this moment. [*Exeunt.*]

The Garden. Enter HARGRAVE and a Servant.

Mr. Har. Run and tell my Son I want to speak to him here directly [*exit Serv.*] Her forty thousand pounds will just enable me to buy the Greenwood Estate,—and to my certain knowledge, that young Rakehelly won't be able to keep it to his back much longer. We shall then have more land than any family in the country, and a Borough of our own into the bargain. Humph—But suppose George should not have a mind to marry her now? Why then,—why then—as to his mind, when two parties differ, the weaker must give way—the match is for the advancement of your fortune, says I; and if it can't satisfy your mind, you must teach it what I have always taught you—obedience.—[*Enter GEO.*]

Oh, George, I sent for you into the garden, that we might have no interruptions ; for, as I was saying, there's an affair of consequence I want to talk to you about.

Geo. I am all attention, Sir.

Mr. H. I don't design that you shall return to College any more—I have other views, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you—You—you like Lady Dinah, you say ?

Geo. [*hesitatingly*] She is a Lady of great erudition, without doubt.

Mr. H. I don't know what your notions may be of her age ; I could wish her a few years younger, but——

Geo. Pardon me, Sir, I think there can be no objection to her age ; and the preference her Ladyship gives to our family, is certainly a high compliment.

Mr. H. Ho, ho, then you are acquainted already with what I was going to communicate to you——I am surpris'd at that.

Geo. Matrimonial negotiations, Sir, are seldom long concealed ; 'tis a subject on which every body is fond of talking—the young, in hopes that their turn will come ;—and those who are older——

Mr. H. By way of giving a fillip to their memories, I suppose you mean, George, eh ?—well, I am glad you are so merry ; I was a little uneasy about what you might think of this affair—tho' I never mention'd it in my life—but perhaps, Lady Dinah may have hinted it to her woman, and then I should not wonder if the whole parish knew it. However, you have no objection, and that's enough—tho' if you had, I must have had my way, George.

Geo. Without doubt, Sir.

Mr. H. Have you spoken to Lady Dinah on the subject ?

Geo. Spoke—n - - o, Sir, I could not think of addressing Lady Dinah on so delicate an affair without your permission.

Mr. H. Well then, my dear Boy—I would have you speak to her now, and, I think, the sooner the better.

Geo. To be sure, Sir—I shall obey you—

Mr. H. Well, you have set my heart at rest——I am as happy as a Prince—I never fixt my mind on any thing in my life, so much as I have done on this marriage—and it would have gall'd me sorely if you had been against it—but you are a good Boy, George, a very good Boy, and I'll go in, and prepare Lady Dinah for your visit. [*Exit.*]

Geo. Why, my dear Father, you are quite elated on the prospect of your nuptials—but why must I make speeches to Lady Dinah ? I am totally ignorant of the mode that elderly Gentlemen adopt on such occasions.

Enter BELLA.

Bel. What, have you been opening your heart to your Father, George?

Geo. No, faith—he has been opening his to me—He has been making me the confidant of his passion for Lady Dinah.

Bel. No! ha, ha, ha—is it possible?—what style does he talk in? is it flames and darts, or esteem and sentiment?

Geo. I don't imagine my good Father thinks of either—her fortune, I presume, is his object; and I shall not venture to hint an objection; for contradiction, you know, only lends him fresh ardor. Where is Seymour and Harriet?

Bel. Your Sister is in the drawing-room, and Sir Charles I just now saw in the Orange-walk, with his arms folded thus—and his eyes fixt on a shrub, in the most *penseroso* style you can conceive—Why—he has no appearance of a happy youth on the verge of Bridegroomism.

Geo. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Bel. Why do you laugh?

Geo. At the embarrassment I have thrown the simpletons into—ha, ha, ha!

Bel. What simpletons?—what embarrassment?

Geo. That you cannot guess, my sweet Cousin, with all your penetration.

Bel. I shall expire, if you won't let me know it—now do—pray, George—come—be pleas'd to tell it me. [*curtseying.*]

Geo. No, no, you look so pretty while you are coaxing, that I must—must see you in that humour a little longer.

Bel. That's unkind—come—tell me this secret—tho' I'll be hang'd if I don't guess it.

Geo. Nay, then I must tell you; for if you shou'd find it out, I shall lose the pleasure of obliging you.—Seymour and my Sister doat on one another—and I have made each believe, that the other has different engagements.

Bel. Oh, I am rejoiced to hear it.

Geo. Rejoic'd! I assure you, I am highly offended.

Bel. At what? Sir Charles is your friend, and every way an eligible match for your Sister.

Geo. Very true—I am happy in their attachment, and therefore offended.—Sir Charles has been as chary of his secret, as if I had not deserv'd his confidence.

Bel. I believe he never address'd your Sister.

Geo. Aye, so he pretends, he never made love to her—ridiculous subterfuge!—he stole into her heart by the help of those silent tender observances, which are the surest battery when there's time to play 'em off—If any man had *thus* obtain'd my Sister's heart—left her a prey to disappoint-

ment, and then said—*he meant nothing*—my sword should have taught him, that his conduct was not less dishonourable, than if he had knelt at her feet, and sworn a million oaths.

Bel. Why, this might be useful—but, mercy upon us! if every girl had such a snap-dragon of a Brother,—no Beaus—and very few pretty fellows would venture to come near her—pray, when did you form this mischievous design?

Geo. Oh, Sir Charles has been heaping up the measure of his offences some time—'twould have diverted you to have seen the tricks he play'd to get Harriet's picture—At last he begg'd it, to get the drapery copied for his Sister's; and I know 'tis at this moment in his bosom, tho' he has sworn an hundred times 'tis still at the Painter's.

Bel. Ha!—I'll fly and tell her the news—If I don't mistake, she'd rather have her picture there than in the Gallery of Beauties at Hampton. [*going.*]

Geo. Sdeath!—stop—Why, are not you angry?—shut out by parchment provisos from all the flutters of Courtship yourself—you had a right to participate in Harriet's.

Bel. Very true; this might be sufficient for *me*—But what pleasure can *you* have in tormenting two hearts so attach'd to each other?

Geo. I do mean to plague 'em a little; and it will be the greatest favour we can do them—for they are such sentimental people—you know—that they'll blush, and hesitate, and torment each other, six months before they can come to an explanation—But, by alarming their jealousy, they'll betray themselves in as many hours.

Bel. Oh, cry your mercy!—So there's not one grain of mischief in all this; and you carry on the plan in downright charity—well, really in that light there is some reason—

Geo. Aye, more reason than is necessary to induce you to join in it—even tho' there were mischief—so promise me your assistance with a good grace.

Bel. Well, I do promise; for I really think—

Geo. Oh, I'll accept of very slight assurances.

Bel. A-propos! Here's Harriet—I'm just as angry as you wish me: leave us, and you shall have a good account of her.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. Brother! Mr. Drummond, I fancy, wonders at your absence: he's alone with the Lady—

Geo. Then he possesses a privilege that half mankind would grudge him. [*Exit.*]

Bel. Have you seen Sir Charles yet?

Har. Indeed I have not—I confess I was so weak, as to retire twice from the drawing-room, because I heard his voice—tho' I was conscious my absence must appear odd, and fearful the cause might be suspected.

Bel. Ah!—pray be careful that you give *him* in particular no reason to guess at that—I advise you to treat him with the greatest coldness.

Har. Most certainly I shall, whatever it costs me.—It would be the most cruel mortification, if I thought he would ever suspect my weakness—I wonder, Bella, if the Lady whom he is to marry, is so handsome as George describes her.

Bel. Of what consequence is that to you, child?—never think about it; if you suffer your mind to be soften'd with reflections of that sort, you'll never behave with a proper degree of scorn to him.

Har. Oh, do not fear it; I assure you, I possess a vast deal of scorn for him.

Bel. I am sure you fib, [*aside.*]—Well now, by way of example, he is coming this way, I see.

Har. Is he?—come then, let us go.

Bel. Yes, yes, you are quite a Heroine, I perceive—Surely you will not fly to prove your indifference?—Stay and mortify him with an appearance of carelessness and good-humour—For instance: when he appears, look at him with such an unmeaning eye, as one glances over an acquaintance shabbily dress'd at Ranelagh—and when he speaks to you, look another way; and then, suddenly recollecting yourself, —What is that you were saying, Sir Charles? I beg pardon, I really did not attend—then, without minding his answer—Bella, I was thinking of that sweet fellow who open'd the ball with Lady Harriet—Did you ever see such eyes? and then the air with which he danced!—O Lord! I never shall forget him.

Har. You'll find me a bad scholar, I believe—however, I'll go through the interview, if you'll assist me.

Bel. Fear me not.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Ladies—this is rather unexpected—I hope I don't intrude.

Bel. Sir Charles Seymour can never be an unwelcome intruder.

Sir Cha. Miss Hargrave—I have not had the happiness of paying my respects to you since I arriv'd—I hope you have enjoyed a perfect share of health and spirits, since I left Hargrave-Place. [*confusedly.*]

Har. I never have been better, Sir; and my spirits are seldom so good as they are now. [*affecting gaiety.*]

Sir Cha. Your looks indeed, Madam, speak you in possession of that happiness I wish you [*sighing*].—You, Miss Sydney, are always in spirits.

Bel. In general, Sir—I have not wisdom enough to be troubled with reflections to destroy my repose.

Sir Cha. Do you imagine it then a proof of wisdom to be unhappy?

Bel. One might think so; for wise folks are always grave.

Har. Then I'll never attempt to be wise—henceforward I'll be gaiety itself—I am determined to devote myself to pleasure, and only live to laugh.

Bel. Perhaps you may not always find subjects, Cousin, unless you do as I do—laugh at your own absurdities.

Har. Oh, fear not—we need not always look at home; the world abounds with subjects for mirth, and the men will be so obliging as to furnish a sufficient number, when every other resource fails.

Sir Cha. Miss Hargrave was not always so severe.

Har. Fye, Sir Charles—do not mistake pleasantry for severity—but exuberant spirits frequently overflow in impertinence; therefore I pardon your thinking that mine do.

Sir Cha. Impertinence! Surely, Madam, you cannot suppose I meant to——

Har. Nay, Bella, I appeal to you; did not Sir Charles intimate some such thing?

Bel. Why—a—I don't know——To be sure there was a kind of a distant intimation—tho' perhaps Sir Charles only means that you are awkward—ha! ha!——But consider, Sir, this character of Harriet's is but lately assumed—and new characters, like new stays, never sit till they have been worn.

Sir Cha. Very well, Ladies; I will not dispute your right to understand my expressions in what manner you please—but I hope you will allow me the same—and that, when a Lady's eyes speak disdain, I may, without offence, translate it into Love.

Har. 'Tis an error that men are apt to fall into; but the eyes talk in an idiom, warm from the heart; and so skilful an observer as Sir Charles will not mistake their language.

Sir Cha. Are they alike intelligible to all?

Har. So plain, that nine times out of ten, at least, mistakes must be wilful.

Sir Ch. Then pray examine mine, Madam, and by the report you make I shall judge of your proficiency in their dialect.

Bella. Oh—I'll examine yours, Sir Charles—I am a better judge than Harriet—let me see—aye—'tis so, in one I perceive love and jealousy—in the other, hope and a wedding. Now am I not a Prophetess?

Sir Ch. Prove but one in the last article, and I ask no more of Fate—now—will you read? Madam!

Har. You are so intirely satisfied with Bella's translation, Sir, that I will not run the risk of mortifying you with a different construction—come, Cousin—let us return to our company.

Bel. [apart] Fye! that air of pique is enough to ruin all.

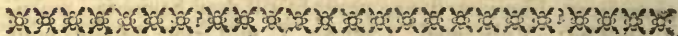
Sir Ch. Do you not find the garden agreeable, Miss Hargrave? I begin to think it charming.

Har. Perfectly agreeable, Sir—but the happy never fly society—I wonder to see you alone. Come, Bella.

Bel. Bravo! [Exeunt Bella and Harriet.]

Sir Ch. Astonishing! What is become of that sweetness—that dove-like softness, which stole into my heart, and deceived me into dreams of blifs? She flies from me, and talks of her company, and returning to her society—Oh Harriet! oh my Harriet! thy society is prized by me beyond that of the whole world; and still to possess it, with the hope that once glowed in my bosom, would be a blessing for which I would sacrifice every other, that Nature or Fortune has bestowed. [Exit.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

SCENE, *Lady DINAH's Dressing Room.*

Lady DINAH and Mr. HARGRAVE sitting.

Mr. Hargrave.

I AM surprised, Madam, at your thinking in this manner—when I spoke to my Son this morning—I assure you, he express'd a great deal of satisfaction about the affair—I wonder indeed he has not been here.

Lady D. Now, I could almost blame you, Mr. Hargrave—pardon me—but you have certainly been too precipitate—your Son has scarcely been at home four and twenty hours, and cannot possibly have received any impresson, or formed an idea of my character.—He has been so much engaged, indeed, with other persons, that I have had no opportunity of conversing with him; and how, so circumstanced, can he have form'd a judgment of his own heart?

Mr. H. Good God! Madam, he has given the best proof in the world that he has formed a judgment; for he told me this morning, that the prospect of the marriage made him very happy.—I don't know what other proof a man can give that he knows his own heart—and let me tell you, Madam, I have accustomed my children to pay a proper regard to my inclination.

Lady D. I am apprehensive, Sir, that Mr. George Hargrave's obedience may influence him more than I cou'd wish—and I assure you, I cannot think of uniting myself to any man, who does not prefer me for my own sake, without adverting to any other consideration.

Mr. H. His obedience to me, influence him more than you could wish!—why really I don't understand you, my Lady—Zounds! I thought she had been a sensible Woman.

[*aside.*]

Lady D. Not understand me, Mr. Hargrave! I have too high an opinion of your good sense, to suppose that I am unintelligible to you.

Mr. H. My opinion, Madam, is, that an obedient Son is likely to make a kind Husband—George is a fine young fellow as any in England, though I his father say it,—and there's not a woman in the kingdom, who might not be proud to call him her husband—too obedient—

Lady D. Bless me! this man has no ideas [*aside.*].—You mistake me, Mr. Hargrave; I do not mean to lessen the merit of obedience in your Son—but, I confess, I wish him to have a more delicate, a more tender motive, for offering his hand to me.

Mr. H. Look ye, Madam—you have a great understanding, to be sure—and I confess you talk above my reach—but I must nevertheless take the liberty to blame your Ladyship;—a person of your Ladyship's experience—and, allow me to say, your date in the world, must know that there are occasions in which we should not be too nice.

Lady D. Too nice! Mr. Hargrave—

[*rising.*]

Mr. H. Aye—too nice, my Lady,—a Boy and Girl of sixteen, have time before 'em—they may be whimsical, and be off and on, and play at shilly-shally as long as they have a mind.—But, my Lady, at a certain season we must leave off these tricks, or be content to go to the grave old Bachelors and——

[*shrugging his shoulders.*]

Lady D. I am utterly astonished, Mr. Hargrave—you surely mean to offend me—you insult me.

Mr. H. No—by no means—I would not offend your Ladyship for the world—I have the highest respect for you, and shall rejoice to call you my Daughter—if you are not so, it will be your own fault—for George, I am sure, is ready the moment you will give your consent—The writings shall be drawn when you think proper, and the marriage consummated without delay.

Lady D. Well, Sir—I really do not know what to say—when Mr. George Hargrave shall imagine it a proper period to talk to me on the subject—I—I—

Mr. H. Well, well, Madam—I allow this is a topic on which a Lady does not chuse to explain herself but to the principal—I waited on your Ladyship only to inform you that I had talked to my Son concerning the affair, and to incline you, when he waits on you, to give him a favourable hearing.

Lady D. Mr. Hargrave—a person of your Son's merit is entitled to a proper attention from any Woman he addresses.

Mr. H. There—now we are right again—I was fearful that you had not liked my Boy—and that your difficulties arose from that quarter—but since you like George, 'tis all very well, very well.

Lady D. Mr. Hargrave!—I am surpris'd at your conceiving so unjust an idea—Mr. George Hargrave is, as you have said, a match for any woman, whatever be her rank.

Mr. H. My dear Lady Dinah—I am quite happy to hear you say so—I am sure George loves *you*—odds bobs, I hear him on the stairs—I'll go and send him to you this moment, and he shall tell you so himself—you'll, surely believe *him*,

[*Exit.*]

Lady D. Mr. Hargrave, Mr. Hargrave—bless me, what an impetuous obstinate old Man—what can I do?—I am in an exceedingly indelicate situation—he will tell his Son that I am waiting here in expectation of a declaration of love from him—Sure never woman was in so awkward an embarrass—I *wish* the Son possessed a little of the Father's impetuosity—this would not then have happened.

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Your Ladyship's most obedient servant.

Lady D. S -- i -- r [*curtseying confusedly*]

Geo. My Father permits me, Madam, to make my acknowledgments to your Ladyship, for the honour you design our Family.

Lady D. I must confess, Sir, this interview is somewhat unexpected—it is indeed quite premature—I was not prepared for it, and I am really in great confusion.

Geo. I am sensible, Madam, a visit of this kind to a Lady of your delicacy must be a little distressing—but I intreat you to be composed—I hope you will have no reason to regret a resolution which myself, and the rest of the family, have so much cause to rejoice in—and I assure your Ladyship, every thing on my part, that can contribute to your felicity, you shall always command.

Lady D. You are very *polite*, Sir—We have had so little opportunity of conversing, Mr. Hargrave, that I am afraid you express rather your Father's sentiments than your own. It is impossible, indeed, from so short a knowledge, that you can have formed any sentiments of me yourself.

Geo. Pardon me, Madam, my sentiments for you are full of respect—and I am convinced your qualities will excite the veneration of all who have the honour of being connected with you. My Father could hardly have done it better. [*aside.*]

Lady D. Why, this young Man has certainly been taught to make love by his Tutor at College. [*aside.*]

Geo. I am concerned this visit seems so embarrassing to your Ladyship—I certainly should have deferr'd it, from an apprehension of its being disagreeable, but, in obedience to my Father, I—

Lady D. Then it is to your Father, Sir, that I am indebted for the favour of seeing you.

Geo. By no means, Madam—it would certainly have been my *inclination* to have waited on your Ladyship, but my Father's wishes induced me to hasten it.

Lady D. Really! a pretty extraordinary confession! [*aside.*]—I think it necessary to assure you, Sir, that—that this affair has been brought thus forward by Mr. Hargrave—and the proposals he made, in which it was evident, *his whole heart* was concern'd, were quite unexpected.

Geo. I have not the least doubt of it, Madam, nor am I at all surpris'd at my Father's earnestness, on a subject so interesting—What can she mean by apologizing to me? [*aside.*]

Lady D. It would certainly have been proper, Sir, to have allowed you time to have formed a judgment yourself, on a point which concerns you so highly.

Geo. The time has been quite sufficient, Madam—I highly approve the steps my Father has taken—but if I did not, the respect I bear to his determination would certainly have prevented my opposing them. I must end this extraordinary visit [*aside.*—] Shall I have the honour of conducting your Ladyship to the Company?

Lady D. N -- o, Sir—I have some orders to give my Woman, I'll rejoin the Ladies in a few minutes.

Geo. Then I'll wish your Ladyship a good morning. [*Ex.*

Lady D. Amazement! why, what a visit from a Lover! —Is this the language in which men usually talk to women, with whom they are on the point of marriage? —Respect! Veneration! Obedience to my Father! —And shall I have the honour of conducting your Ladyship to the Company? —A pretty Lover-like request truly! —But this coldness to me proceeds from a cause I now understand — This morning, what fire was there in his eyes! what animation in his countenance! whenever he address'd himself to that creature Mr. Drummond brought here? —Would his request to her have been to conduct her to Company? —No, no; — But I must be cautious — I must be patient now — but you will find, Sir, when I possess the privileges of a Wife, I shall not so easily give them up — your fiery glances, if not directed to me, shall at least, in my presence, be addressed to no other.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment.*

BELLA at her Harpsichord.

S O N G.

- *Haste, haste, ye fiery Steeds of Day,*
- *In Ocean's bosom hide your beams!*
- *Mild Evening, in her pensive gray*
- *More soft, and more alluring seems.*
- *Yet why invoke the pensive Eve,*
- *Or, sighing, chide refulgent Morn?*
- *Their shifting moments can't relieve*
- *The heart by pangs of absence torn.*

Hang Music — it only makes me melancholy — Heigh-ho! — these Lovers infect me too, I believe — Seducive Italy! what are your attractions? Oh, for Fortunatus's cap — I'd convince myself in a moment if my doubts are

justly founded—And suppose they should—what then?—
 Ah! they think I am made of ice, whilst the gaiety of my
 disposition only serves to conceal a heart as tenderly susceptible
 as the most serious of my sex can possess—

Enter EMILY.

Ah, my dear Ma'am, I am rejoiced to see you; I have been
 just long enough alone to be tired of myself, and to be charmed
 at so agreeable a relief.

Em. Can that ever be the case with Miss Sidney? I
 thought you had possess'd the happiest flow of spirits in the
 world.

Bel. Pho!—your great spirits are mere Jack-a-lanterns
 in the brain—they dance about, shine, and make vagaries
 —while those who possess happiness, *soberly* and quietly en-
 joy their treasure.

Em. Indeed! I hope *dulness* is not your criterion of
 happiness—if it is, there are few assemblies where you'll not
 find a great number to envy.

Bel. Oh, no—Dulness is the character of those who are
 too wise, not too happy.

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Two Ladies in council—on fashion, or news?

Bel. On a better subject—laughing at the slaves we have
 made, and forging chains for more.

Geo. That's not the business of fine Women—
 Nature meant to save them the trouble of plotting—for
 traps and chains, she bestowed sparkling eyes, and timid
 blushes, with a whole multitude of graces, that hang about
 the form, and wanton in the air. [*Looking at Emily.*]

Bel. Well, after all, Men are delightful creatures—flat-
 tery, cards, and scandal, help one thro' the day tolerably
 well—I don't know how we should exist without 'em in the
 country.

Geo. And which of 'em would you relinquish in town?

Bel. Not flattery, because it keeps one in spirits, and
 gives a glow to the complexion—Scandal, you may take
 away—but pray leave us cards, to keep us awake, with the
 fashionable world, on Sunday evenings.

Geo. And, in lieu of scandal, you'll be content with con-
 quest.

Bel. Ridiculous! Conquest is not such an object with Wo-
 men, as the Men imagine—for my part, I should conceive a
 net that would catch the hearts of the whole sex, a property
 of very little value.

Geo. But, you would think it a very pleasant one, my gentle Cuz. or, at least [*archly*] you'd pick out one happy favourite before you gave the rest to despair.

Bel. Positively no—I don't know one that I should not let fly away with the rest.

Geo. Now, how can you fib, with such an unblushing face? This debate, Madam, [*to Emily*] will let you into Bella's secret—she has, at this moment, an image in her heart, that gives a flat contradiction to her tongue.

Bel. Indeed!—you make your assertion with great effrontery—but now, to compliment your discernment, whose image do you think of?

Geo. Ha, Bella—listen with your greediest ears to catch the transporting sound—breathe not, ye softest Zephyrs! be silent, ye harmonious Spheres! while I articulate the name of—

Bel. [*Stopping her ears*] Oh, I won't hear it.

Geo. Belville!

Bel. Oh, frightful!—don't attend to him—George's belief is always under the influence of his fancy.

Emily. In this instance, if I may judge from your looks, he has not hinted at a fiction.

Bel. Indeed you are mistaken; his guess might have been as good, if you had named Prester John.

Geo. Hum—I wish it may be so, for I have heard a story about a certain Lady on the Continent, whom a certain Gentleman—

Bel. Thinks handsomer than Bella Sydney—mortifying—ha, ha, ha!

Geo. Nay more, to whom he devotes his hours.

Bel. His heart [*petulantly*.]

Geo. On whom he doats.

Bel. Psha!

Geo. Grows melancholy.

Bel. Nonsense!

Geo. Nay, fights for her.

Bel. Ridiculous!

Geo. Lives only at her feet.

Bel. You are really very insupportable, Sir—do find some other subject to amuse yourself.

Geo. Ha, ha, ha! the Gudgeon has bit—See, Madam, a Coquette struggling with the consciousness of love,—are not those pouts, and angry blushes, proofs of Belville's happiness?

Emily. I cannot perceive these proofs—Mr. Belville, perhaps, is not in so enviable a state.

Bel. Oh, you are a good Girl, and, I assure you, perfectly right—Lovers, thank our stars! are too plenty, for an absent one to give us much pain.—What, turn your arms on your associate, George!—I'll break the league, and discover all. [*apart to George.*]

Geo. You dare not, you love mischief too well—it is as dear to you as the sighs of your Lover.

Bel. A-propos! where's Sir Charles?

Geo. In the garden probably—fighting to the winds—and I wish you'd find him—and leave us. [*apart.*]

Bel. Ha! Perhaps they'll waft his sighs to Harriet—and she must not hear 'em yet—and so, Sir Charles— [*Exit,*]

Emily. Oh, pray make me one of your party. [*going.*]

Geo. Stay, Madam, I entreat you—believe me, they will not thank you—I'll tell you the story.

Emily. I'll hear it from Miss Sydney.

Geo. Nay, if you are determined— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Garden,*

Enter HARRIET,

In vain do I endeavour to conceal it from myself—This spot has charms for me, that I can find in no other—here have I seen—perhaps for the last time, Sir Charles Seymour. My Cousin's presence was unlucky—I should have heard him—but it would have been a crime in him to have talked to me of love—an insult that I must have repented—and yet 'tis the only subject on which I could wish to have heard him. Bless me! he's here again—he haunts this place—but he does not observe me, and I'll conceal myself; for I feel I could not now behave with proper reserve. [*Goes behind an arbor.*]

Enter Sir CHARLES, looking round,

Ha, not here then!—Sweet *resemblance* of her I love! come from thy hiding-place. [*takes a picture from his bosom, and kisses it.*] In her absence thou art the dearest object to my eyes. What a face is this!

“ 'Tis beauty truly blest, whose red and white

“ Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

Enter GEORGE. Catches his hand with the picture,

Geo. Ho ho!—so the Picture's come home from the Painter's, is it, Sir—and the drapery quite to your mind?

Sir Ch. [*confused and recovering.*] The artifice I used to obtain it, those who love can pardon.

Geo. And how many times a day dost thou break the decalogue in worshipping that Image?

Sir Ch. Every hour that I live. I gaze on it till I think it looks, and speaks to me; it lies all night on my heart, and is the first object I address in the morning.

Geo. Oh, complete your character, and turn Monk—'tis plain you're half a Papist.

Sir Ch. Why condemn me to cells and penitence?

Geo. That you mayn't violate the laws of Nature, by pretending to a character for which she never designed you. Your bonds, instead of silken fetters, appear to be hempen cords. Come, confess, have not you been examining on which of these trees you would be most gracefully pendent?

Sir Ch. That *gaieté de cœur*, George, bears no mark of the tender passion; and, to be plain, I believe you know very little about it.

Geo. You are confoundedly mistaken—we are both Lovers, but the difference between us lies thus: Cupid to me is a little familiar rogné, with an arch leer—and cheeks dimpled with continual smiles—To you—an awful Deity, deck'd out in his whole regalia of darts, flames, and quivers, and so forth—I play with him—you——

Sir Ch. Spare yourself the trouble of so long an explanation—All you would say is, that you love with hope—I with despair.

Geo. Very concise, and most pathetically express'd—melancholy suits your features, Charles—'twere pity your Mistress should encourage you; it would deprive you of that *something* in your air which is so touching—Ha! ha! ha!—poor Seymour! Come, let us go in search of the girls, they are gone to the wood; who knows but you may find a nymph there, who'll have the kindness to put hanging and drowning out of your head?

Sir Ch. Oh, would sweet Celia meet me there,
With soften'd looks, and gentler air,
Transported, to the Wood I'd fly,
The happiest Swain beneath the sky;
Sighs and complaints I'd give the wind,
And IO's ring, were Celia kind.

[*As he repeats the verses, George, laughing, scans them on his fingers.*]

[*Exit Sir Charles.*]

Geo. Cupid is deaf, as well as blind. [Exit George.]

Enter HARRIET.

Har. Her picture in his bosom, and kifs it with such rapture too! Well—I am glad I am convinced—I am perfectly at ease. He loves them without hope, and George was mistaken in supposing him so near marriage—but he loves notwithstanding—her picture lies all night on his heart, and her idea is never absent from his mind—Well, be it so—I am perfectly at ease, and shall no longer find a difficulty in assuming an indifference that is become real—
Oh, Seymour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *the Wood.*

Enter Lady DINAH.

Insolent wretch!—Nothing less than the conviction of my own senses could have induced me to believe so shocking an indecorum—I saw her myself look at him with eyes that were downright gloting—I saw him snatch her hand, and press it to his lips, with an ardour that is inconceivable—and when the creature pretended to blush, and made a reluctant effort to withdraw it—*my* Youth, so full of veneration and respect for me, refused to resign it—till the creature had given him a gracious smile of reconciliation—Heavens! they are coming this way—sure they do not perceive me—See there!—Nay, if you will come here. [*Goes behind a shrub.*]

Enter EMILY, followed by GEORGE.

Em. I entreat you, Sir, not to persist in following me—You'll force me to appeal to Mr. Drummond for protection.

Geo. You need no protection, Madam, that you will not find in my respect—But you are barbarous to deprive me of conversing with you—'tis a felicity, I have so lately tasted, that 'tis no wonder I am greedy of it.

Em. If you believe your attentions would not displease me in my proper character—I ought to be offended that you address them to a person, of whose name and family you are ignorant.

Geo. Can a name deprive you of that face, that air—or rob you of your mind—of what then am I ignorant?—'tis those I address with the most passionate vows of—

Em. I positively will not listen to you—However, if the acquaintance should place us on a footing, I'll then

converse with you—if on my own terms. [*Lady D. listening—Aye, or on any terms.*] I have no dislike to the charming freedom of the English manners—you shall be as gallant as you please; but I give you notice, the instant you become dangerous, I shall be grave.

Geo. How dangerous——

Em. Oh, the moment you grow of consequence enough to endanger my heart, I shall shut myself from you—but as long as you continue harmless, you may play.

Geo. This is not to be borne—I will not be harmless—I declare open war against your heart, not in play, but downright earnest.

Em. Nay, then, I must collect my forces to oppose you—my heart will stand a long siege, depend on it.

Geo. If you'll promise it shall yield at last, a ten years siege will be richly rewarded.

Em. Oh, no; I make no promises—try your forces; if you should possess yourself of it in spite of me—I can only bewail its captivity.

Geo. Your permission to take the field is all I can at present hope; and thus on my knees, dear charming Creature——

Lady D. [*listening*] There's veneration and respect!

Em. Hold, Sir—I will be so generous to tell you, that whenever you kneel I shall fly. [*runs out.*]

Geo. And I'll pursue—till my Atalanta confesses I have won the prize. [*As Geo. is following Emily, Lady D. comes out against him with an angry reproachful air, and passes him.*]

Geo. [*aside*] So,—there's a look! what a blessed Mother-in-law I shall have! [*Exit.*]

Lady D. What!—not stay even to explain—to apologise—follow her before my face—oh, Monsters, Furies! yes, yes, she'll yield without the trouble of a ten years siege—she can scarcely hold out ten minutes—oh, ye shall both suffer for this—I will go this instant—I will do something. [*Exit.*]

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Hah, my good Lady, is it so? ha, ha, ha! I must see if I can't make myself useful here. A Lady, who like my mistress gives way to her most unbridled passions, is the only one worth being served by a girl of spirit and intrigue. I'll follow, and aid your Ladyship with my counsel before you

have time to cool—[*going, returns.*]—So—'tis needless, here she ebbs, like a stormy sea.

Enter Lady DINAH, not seeing SUSAN.

Lady D. A moment's reflection has convinced me I should be wrong—he must not suspect that I influence his Father against the minion—nor will I allow her the satisfaction of thinking she gives to me the pangs of jealousy—but I will not lose him—something must be done.

Susan. Oh, my Lady, I was witness to the whole affair—Oh, a base man! I could have trampled him under my feet.

Lady D. Base, indeed! but 'tis on *her* my resentment chiefly falls—oh, Susan—revenge!

Susan. I am sure my heart aches for you, my Lady—there's nothing I would not do—Oh, she's an artful slut.

Lady D. She's as dangerous as artful—I must be rid of her, yet I know not how.—Oh France! for thy Bastile, for thy *Lettres de Cachet*!

Susan. There are ways and means here, my Lady—Miss told a fine tale to get into the house, and I fancy I can tell as fine a tale to get her out of it, and I shou'd think it neither sin nor shame in the service of so good a Lady.

Lady D. If thou canst contrive any method—I care not what—any plan to rid me of her; command my fortune.

Susan. Oh, dear my Lady, as to that—as to your fortune, my Lady, that's out of the question—but I know your Ladyship's generosity—I think I could send her packing,—perhaps before night.

Lady D. Can you!—The instant she goes, I'll give you two hundred pounds.

Susan. [*courtesying*] She shall go, my Lady, if I have invention, or Jarvis a tongue.

Lady D. Jarvis! Are you mad?—I wou'd not have him suspect that I am concerned in the affair, for the universe.

Susan. Oh, dear my Lady—I vow I wou'd not mention your name to him—no, not for another two hundred pounds;—no, no, Miss shall be got rid of, without giving Jarvis, or any one, the least reason to suspect that your Ladyship is privy to the matter.

Lady D. I am convinced she is an impostor, and I wonder Mr. Hargrave doesn't see it—but there will be more labour in rousing his stupid apprehension, than in explaining to an enthusiast the conceptions of a Bolingbroke.

Susan. I am more afraid of Mr. Drummond than him.

Lady D. Aye—he will support that Girl's interest, in order to mortify me—

Susan. That doesn't signify, my Lady—I have a card as good as any he holds to play against him—your Ladyship must have seen that the old Justice has full as much weight with the 'Squire, as Mr. Drummond.

Lady D. I observe that Mr. Hargrave is continually wavering between them—they influence his actions like two principal senses—Mr. Drummond is the friend of his understanding, the other of his humour.—But what is the card you mean to play?

Susan. I mean to play one of his senses against the other, my Lady, that's all—for I am mistaken if I can't govern the Justice, as much as his whole five put together.

Lady D. That is indeed a card—my hopes catch life at it—Susan, say to him what you will, promise what you will—I suppose you have the way to the old fool's heart, and know by what road to reach it—at all events the Girl must be got rid of; the method I leave to you.—There's the dinner bell—I must walk a little to recover my composure, and then, I suppose, I may have the honour of sitting for the young Lady's foil. [Exit.

Susan. I am sure she can't have a better—ha, ha, ha!—Two hundred pounds! Oh the charms of jealousy and revenge—I might have served one of your good sort of orderly old women, 'till I had been grey—these two hundreds will quicken Mr. Jarvis a little—we shall see him more attentive, I fancy, than he has been, and then farewell to servitude—Hah, Jarvis!

Enter Jarvis bowing affectedly.

Jar. “So look'd the Goddess of the Paphian Isle,
“When Mars she saw, and conquer'd with that smile.”
My dear Goddess, I kiss your fingers—I have been hunting for you in every walk in the garden.

Susan. [tenderly] Why—what did you want with me, Jarvis?

Jar. Why, faith, I have the same kind of necessity for you, that a Beau has for a looking-glass—you admire me, and keep me in good humour with myself.

Susan. Oh, if you want to be put in temper, I've got an excellent cordial. Now for your parts—now to prove yourself the clever fellow that you think you are.

Jar. That you think, my dear, you mean—but what ex-

Susan. Listen!—We have discovered that the young Squire thinks eighteen a prettier age than fifty—that he prefers natural roses to Warren's, and that gravity and wisdom are no match for the fire of two hazel eyes, assisted by the reasoning of smiles and dimples.

Jar. And he's in the right on't—didn't I tell you this morning they reckon'd without their host?

Susan. Here has he been on his knees at the feet of the Damsel, and her Ladyship behind that bush, amusing herself with his transports—ha, ha, ha!

Jar. Ha, ha, ha!—I warrant her, 'tis the only transports she'll ever see him in. George Hargrave marry our old Lady! no, no—I have a very good opinion of that young fellow; he's exactly what I should be, if I was heir to his Father's acres—just such a spirited, careless deportment—a certain prevailing assurance—upon my soul, Susan, you and I ought to have moved in a higher sphere.

Susan. Come, come, you must consider this affair in another light; 'twou'd be a shame, that because this Girl has a pretty face, and was found weeping by a compassionate old Gentleman—it wou'd be a shame, I say, that for these reasons, she shou'd marry into a great Family, and cheat the Sister of a Peer, of a Husband—Read the story *this way*, act with spirit, and our Lady will, *on the day of our marriage*, give us two hundred pounds.

Jar. Humph!—on the day of our marriage—cannot you, Child, prevail on your Lady to give me the two hundred, without tacking that condition to it?

Susan. Pho, Sauce-box!—Well, but these two hundreds now—what will you do for 'em?

Jar. Do for 'em—Oh, any thing—the most extravagant thing in the world—run off with the girl—blow up the house—turn Turk—or marry you.

Susan. Upon my word, Sir.

Jar. Well, but the business, Child, the business.

Susan. The business is, that we must contrive to open some door for this Girl to walk out of the house,

Jar. But how—upon what ground—when, and where?

Susan. Why, if we could contrive the business, I have no doubt of the spirit and fire of your execution.—Do you remember the occupation which once gave employment to these talents of yours—I mean that of an itinerant Player?

Jar. Oh, yes—I remember the barns that I have made

echo with the ravings of Orestes, and the stables in which I have sighed forth the woes of Romeo.

Susan. Well, but have you any recollection of a pretty Juliet—a tall elegant Girl—in short, do you not remember one of the strolling party exceedingly like the strange guest now in the house?

Jar. Hum!—Why, what devil sent thee to tempt me this morning?—so I am to sell my honour—my honesty—

Susan. Pho, pho—honesty and honour are sentiments for people whose fortunes are made—let us once be independent, and we'll be as honourable and as honest as the best of 'em—so let's go in, and settle our plan.

Jar. Well—'tis the fate of great men to be in the hands of Women; and therefore, my sweet Abigail—I am yours.
[Leads her off.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

Enter HARRIET, followed by BELLA.

BELLA.

NAY, but hear him—hear him, Harriet.

Har. Can this be you, Bella, who this morning seem'd fearful that I should not treat him with sufficient scorn—now persuading me to allow a private interview to a Man who is professedly the lover of another?

Bel. How apprehensive you very delicate Ladies are! Why must you suppose he wants to talk to you about love—or on any topic, that his approaching marriage would make improper?

Har. Why—what *can* he have to say to me?

Bel. Admit him, and he'll tell you—perhaps he wants to consult your taste about the trimmings of his wedding clothes—or to beg your choice in his ruffles—or—

Har. Pho!—this is downright ridicule.

Bel. Well then—you won't admit him? [*seeming to go*] I shall tell him you don't choose to see him, tho' he is going to

leave us directly—but I approve your caution, Harriet, you are perfectly right.

Har. Going to leave us directly, Bella!

Bel. Immediately, my dear——I heard him order his chaise, and mutter something about insupportable—but I think you'll be exceedingly imprudent in receiving his visit, and advise you by all means to refuse it.

Har. Dear Bella!

Bel. Well then you will see him——I shall acquaint him with the success of my embassy—but remember scorn, Harriet,
scorn. [Exit Bella.]

Har. Now, what am I to expect? my heart beats strangely—but remember, foolish Girl, the picture of his Mistress is in his bosom.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Ch. The request I ventured to make by Miss Sidney, Madam, must appear strange to you—the engagements which I——

Har. Renders it an extraordinary request indeed, Sir.

Sir Cha. I fear'd you would think so, and conscious of those engagements, I shou'd not have presum'd to have made it—but as it's probably the last time I may ever see you—I seize it, to tell you that—I adore you.

Har. Sir Charles! I am astonished,—in my Father's house at least, I should have been secure from such an insult.

Sir Ch. Forgive me, I intreat you. Nothing could have forced this declaration from me, but my despair.

Har. The engagement you talk of, Sir, ought to have prevented *these* effects of your despair.

Sir Cha. I acknowledge it—and they have kept me silent ever since I arrived—but when I thought of leaving you in a few moments, I found the idea insupportable.

Har. The picture you wear, Sir Charles—might console you surely.

Sir Cha. Hah—I thought you were ignorant, Madam, of my possessing it.

Har. Without doubt you did, Sir Charles—but no, Sir—I am acquainted with your wearing that Picture—and wonder how you could presume—but I deserve the insult, for listening to you a moment.

Sir Ch. Oh, stay, Miss Hargrave, I intreat you,—I will give up the picture, since it so offends you—yet how can I part from it? [Going.]

Har. Oh, keep it, Sir—keep it by all means—you mistake me entirely, Sir; I have no right to claim such a sacrifice. [Going.]

Sir Ch. You have a right, Madam—here it is—[*kissing and offering it*] but do not rob me of it.

Har. Rob you of it!—in short, Sir Charles, you redouble your rudeness every moment—

Sir Ch. I did not think you would have so resented it—but I resign it to you, Madam—nay, you must take it.

Har. I take it, Sir! [*Glances her eye on it, then takes it with an air of doubt*]—My Picture!—astonishing!

Enter GEORGE and BELLA, both laughing.

Sir Ch. Your picture, Madam!!

Geo. Look at the simpletons—ha, ha, ha!

Bel. What a fine attitude!—do it again, Sir Charles—ha, ha, ha!—Well, Harriet—how do you like Sir Charles's Mistress? Is she as handsome as George represented her?

Geo. Hold, hold! 'tis time now to have mercy. My dear Harriet, allow me to present to you my most valued friend, as the Man whom I shou'd rejoice to see your Husband. To you, my Seymour, I present a Sister, whose heart has no engagements that I am acquainted with, to supersede your claim.

Sir Ch. I am speechless with joy, and with amazement.

Geo. Forgive the embarrassment I have occasion'd you—you have suffer'd something; but your felicity will be heighten'd from the comparison. My dear Harriet, Seymour has always loved you—the picture which so offended you is a proof, you cannot doubt.

Sir Ch. And that you were so offended, is supreme felicity—stupid wretch—not to perceive my bliss!

Har. [to *Geo.* and *Bel.*] You have taken a liberty with me that I cannot pardon.

Geo. Nay, but you shall pardon it—and as a proof, give him back your picture this minute.

Sir Ch. Return it to me, Madam, I intreat you [*kneeling*] I will receive it as the most precious gift.

Bel. Come, give the poor thing its bauble.

Har. Well, take it, Sir—since you had no share in this brilliant contrivance.

Sir Ch. [*taking the picture*] Eternal blessings on that hand!

Har. You, George, are never so happy, as in exercising your wit, at my expence.

A C O M E D Y.

Geo. And you, Harriet, never so heartily forgave me in your Life, and therefore——

Sir Ch. Hold, George—I cannot bear Miss Hargrave's suffering in this manner; I will take on myself the transporting office of defending her—this hour, Madam, I shall for ever remember with gratitude, and will endeavour to deserve it, by a life devoted to your happiness.

Bel. Come, Harriet—I must take you away, that Sir Charles may bring down his raptures to the standard of common mortals—at present, I see his in the clouds.

Har. 'Tis merciful to relieve me.

[*Exeunt* Harriet and Bella.

Sir Ch. Charming Miss Sydney—I'll never quarrel with your vivacity again.—But why have I been made to suffer thus?

Geo. Because you did not tell me *why* you wanted my Sister's picture—but I have taken a friendly vengeance; my plot has told you more of my Sister's heart in a few hours, than all your sighs and humility, wou'd have obtained in as many months.

Sir Ch. For which I thank you—and my present happiness receives a brighter glow from this illusion of misery—I'll fly and pour out my joy and gratitude, at the feet of my charming Harriet.

[*going.* *Enter* Bella.

Bel. Oh, stay, stay—we may want your assistance. Here's your Father coming, George. Your repartee to Lady Dinah at dinner, spoils her digestion—and she's been representing you—that's all.

Geo. I hope she represented her sneer too, which suffused with tears the loveliest eyes in the world. Could I do less than support her against the ill-humour of that antiquated pedant?—By Jupiter, I'll draw her in colours to my Father, that shall make him shrink from the fate he is preparing for himself.

Enter HARGRAVE.

Mr. H. Why, George, how's this?—Dy'e know what you've done?—you've affronted Lady Dinah.

Geo. I did not design to affront her, Sir—I only meant to convince her that she shou'd not insult the amiable young Lady, whom Mr. Drummond placed under your protection.

Mr. H. Don't tell me—amiable young Lady! How do you know what she is?—on the footing you are with Lady Dinah, let me tell you, if she had insulted an hundred young Ladies, you ought not to have seen it—at least, not resented it.

Geo. Pardon me, Sir—I did not conceive that Lady Dinah shou'd have assumed in your house—at least till she becomes your Wife—a right to—

Mr. H. What's that you say, Sir?

Geo. Indeed, Sir, to confess the truth, I am astonish'd at your partiality for that Lady—she is the last woman in the world, whom I could wish to see in the place of my amiable Mother.

Mr. H. Your Mother!

Geo. I shou'd think it a breach of my duty, to see you plunge yourself into so irretrievable a fate, without acquainting you with my sentiments—if you saw her in the light I do, Sir—you would think on your wedding day with horror.

Mr. H. Why—why—are you mad?

Geo. If you wished to keep your engagements a secret, Sir—I am sorry I mention'd the affair, but—

Bel. Oh—'tis no secret, Sir, I assure you—every body talks of it—for my part, I shall be quite happy in paying my respects to my new Aunt—I have put a coral string in my rambour already, that I may finish it time enough for her first Boy to wear at its christening.

Mr. H. Look ye, Sir—I perceive that you have all that backwardness in obeying me that I expected, and, in order to conceal it, are attempting to throw the affair into ridicule—but I tell you it will not do—I know what I am about, and my commands shall not be disputed.

Geo. Commands, Sir!—I am quite at a loss—

Mr. H. Well then, to prevent further mistakes, I acquaint you, that I design Lady Dinah for your Wife, and not your Mother—and moreover, that the marriage shall take place in a very few days. [*going.*]—And, d'ye hear?—acquaint your pert Cousin, that the coral string will do for your first Boy.

Exit Hargrave.

[*A long pause, staring at each other.*]

Bel. So, so, so! and is this the end of all the closetings?

Sir Ch. What the devil!—it must be all a dream.

Geo. Wife!!—Lady Dinah my Wife!

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! dear George, forgive me, but I must laugh, or I can't exist—ha, ha, ha! oh, my Cousin Dinah!

Geo. Pray, Bella, spare your mirth, and tell me what I am to do—for I am incapable of thinking.

Bel. Do! why run to Lady Dinah—fling yourself at her feet, tell her you had no idea of the bliss that was designed you—and that you'll make her the tenderest, fondest Husband in the world—ha, ha, ha!

Geo. Oh, Cousin, for once forget your sprightliness—I cannot bear it—Seymour, what am I to do?

Sir Ch. My dear George, I pity you from my soul—but I know not what advice to give you.

Bel. Well, then seriously I think—ha, ha, ha! but 'tis impossible to be serious—I am astonish'd you are not more struck with your Father's tender cares for you.

Geo. Have you no mercy, Bella?

Bel. You have none upon yourself, or instead of standing here with that countenance *si triste*; you wou'd be with Mr. Drummond.

Geo. He is, indeed, my only resource—I'll fly to him this instant, and if it fails me—I am the most miserable man on earth. [Exit.

Sir Cha. What can induce Mr. Hargrave to sacrifice such a fellow as George, to a Lady Dinah?—Preposterous!

Bel. Her rank and fortune—and I dread the lengths to which his obstinacy may carry him; he has no more respect for the divinity of Love, than for that of the Ægyptian Apis—Let us find Harriet, and tell her the strange story; she is not the only person, I fear, to whom it will be painful.

Sir Ch. Is it possible that Lady Dinah, in the depth of her wisdom, can imagine such an union proper?

Bel. Be merciful—Love has forc'd Heroes to forget their valour, and Philosophers their systems—no wonder he shou'd make a Woman forget her wrinkles. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *the Garden.*

Enter JARVIS and SUSAN.

Jar. Egad, tis a service of danger.

Suf. Danger! sure you've no qualms?

Jar. No, no, child—no qualms—the resolution with which I could go thro' an affair of this sort, would in another hemisphere make my fortune—but hang it, in these cold northern regions there's no room for a man of genius to strike a bold stroke—the fostering plains of Asia, for such talents as mine!

Suf. Now I think England's a very pretty soil.

Jar. Why, aye, if one could be sure of keeping clear of a dozen ill-bred fellows, who decide on the conduct of a man of spirit at the Old Bailey, then indeed we need not care; for an air of Ton, and a carriage, on whatever *spring* it moves, introduces one to the best circles—But let us consider our bottom—this girl was plac'd under the care of the old gentlewoman, by a person of credit.

Suf. Pho, pho, what! she brought a recommendation—don't we know how easily a character is to be had—spotless as silver, or as bright as gold! 'tis a wonder she did not afford a name too; I warrant she had sufficient reasons to conceal her own.

Jar. It does look like it, and there's a mystery in the affair—Now, mysterics, *as my Lady says*, we have a right to explain as we please.

Suf. Aye, to be sure—and this is the explanation. She is an unprotected, artful girl, who having caught a taste for the life of a fine Lady, thinks the shortest way to gratify her longing, is by gaining the heart of some credulous fool, who'll make her his wife for the sake of her—Beauty.

Jar. True—That with this view she told her story to Mr. Drummond, who—innocent soul—not seeing her drift, introduced her here, where she attempts to succeed, by playing off her artillery on the gunpowder constitution of George Hargrave, Esq; the younger.

Suf. Oh, delightful!—why, if I continue with my Lady, I shall be her mistress as long as she lives—and now I think on't, I believe that must be our plan—You and I can be married just the same, you know.

Jar. Oh, just the same, my dear, just the same; nothing shall prevent that—[*aside*] but my being able to coax you out of the Two Hundred.

Suf. Hark! here comes the Justice—slip away, and leave me to manage him—I know I can make him useful—You need not be jealous now.

Jar. Jealous! no, no; I have liv'd among the great too long, to be tormented with so vulgar a passion. [*Ex. Jar.*]

Enter JUSTICE.

Jus. Hah, hah! have I caught you, my little Picksey? Come, no struggling—I will have a kiss, by Jingo.

Suf. Lud! you are the strangest Gentleman—[*resisting.*]

Jus. You are wondrous coy, methinks.

Suf. Coy—so I should—What have Gentlewomen without fortune, to recommend 'em else?

Jus. Aye—but that rosy, pouting mouth tells different tales, I warrant, to the fine Gentlemen in London. I have been thinking you'd make a pretty little Housekeeper—yes you would, Hussey—yes you would—will you come and live with me?

Suf. Oh, dear Sir—I should like it vastly; but I think you had better go to London with me—I assure you, my

Lady speaks very highly of your talents in the law—and she has great interest——so, as soon as she is Lady Dinah Hargrave——Your Worship is acquainted with that affair, I suppose.

Jus. Yes, yes; my friend has told me of it—but under strict injunctions of secrecy.

Sus. Secrecy! ayè, to be sure—but I dare say Mr. Drummond has been informèd of it.

Jus. Oh, I know nothing of *him*—he's queer and close; one can never get him in at a bout——he's not staunch.

Sus. I believe he is not staunch to our match; and if that is prevented, we shall leave the country directly.

Jus. Why, what can prevent it, Sweety?

Sus. Perhaps Mr. Drummond's advice; for *he* can manage Mr. Hargrave.

Jus. Ah——but my advice will go as far as his, I believe; and do you think I'll part with you—you little wicked rogue you? [*chucking her chin.*]

Sus. Then if you find the match is likely to go off, you must use all your interest to bring it to bear; and then we sha'n't part, you little wicked rogue you. [*chucking his chin.*]

Jus. That I will—I'll plead for the wedding as vigorously, as if I had an hundred guineas with a brief.

Sus. Well—but d'ye mind me? I don't like the stranger this same 'Squire usher'd here.

Jus. Not like her! why, she's a devilish fine girl;——adad, the warm sparkling of her eyes catches one's heart, as if it was made of tinder.

Sus. Upon my word—a devilish fine Girl—the sparkling of her eyes!——

Jus. Oh—I don't mean—that is—Oh, I would rather have one kind look of thine, sweet Mrs. Sukey—for t'other I dare not squint at.

Sus. Hah!—I believe you are a Coquet—but however, I have certain reasons to wish this beautiful Angel out of the house. I have observed looks that I don't like, between her and young Hargrave—and—you comprehend me—whatever interrupts the marriage, we are gone.

Jus. I understand you—you may depend upon me—let me see—how shall we manage to get her out of Drummond's clutches?

Sus. That's your business—I say, that must be done, and you must do it.

Jus. To be sure, Mrs. Susan—let me consider——

Suf. We must have no qualms, Mr. Justice.

Juf. We will have none---but what your smiles, sweet Sukey, can disperse—I must venture a little—the tender passions make one do any thing. *Omnia vincit amor*, say no more.

Suf. She shall be sent packing.

Juf. Have I not given you the word of a Magistrate?—But come now, give me one kiss, you little dear, cruel, soft, sweet, charming, baggage.

Suf. Oh, fye—you won't ask for wages, before you've done your work. [*runs off.*

Juf. Stop—don't run so fast—don't run so fast, Hussy—
[*following*] [*Exit.*

SCENE, an Apartment.

Enter Mr. DRUMMOND and GEORGE.

Mr. D. I wish I had known it before matters had been carried so far—on a subject of this nature no woman can be affronted with impunity.

Geo. I am careless of her resentment—I will never be her husband—nor husband to any woman, but *her* to whom I have given my vows.

Mr. D. Hah!—have you carried your affair so forward?

Geo. Yes, Sir, I have made that enchanting Girl the offer of my heart and hand, and tho' her delicacy forbids her, while our families remain unknown to each other, to give the assent my heart aspires to—yet she allows me to catch hopes, that I would not forfeit to become master of the universe.

Mr. D. There's a little of the ardor of youth in this—the ardor of youth, George—however, I will not blame you, for twenty years ago, I might have been tempted to enter the lists with you, myself.

Geo. I shou'd fear less to meet a Hector in the field—in such a cause the fury of Achilles would inspire me—and I would bear off my lovely prize from amidst the embattled phalanx.

Mr. D. Bravo—I like to see a man romantic in his love, and in his friendships—the virtues of him who is not an enthusiast in those noble passions, will never have strength to rise into fortitude, patriotism, and philanthropy—but here comes your Father, leave us.

Geo. May the subject inspire you with resistless eloquence! [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. HARGRAVE.

Mr. D. So, Mr. Hargrave.

Mr. H. So, Mr. Drummond—what, I guess your business.

Mr. D. I suppose you do, and I hope you are prepared to hear me with temper.

Mr. H. You'll talk to no purpose, for I am fixed, and therefore the temper will signify nothing.

Mr. D. Strange infatuation! why must George be sacrificed to your ambition?—surely, it may be gratified without tying *him* to your Lady Dinah.

Mr. H. How?

Mr. D. By marrying her yourself—which, till now, I supposed to have been your design—and that wou'd have been sufficiently preposterous.

Mr. H. What!—make me a second time the slave of hysterics, longings, and vapours!—no, no, I've got my neck out of the noose—catch it there again if you can—what, her Ladyship is not youthful enough for George, I suppose?

Mr. D. True—but a more forcible objection is the disproportion in their minds.—it wou'd not be less reasonable to expect a new element to be produced between earth and fire, than that felicity shou'd be the result of such a marriage.

Mr. H. Psha, psha—what, do you suppose the whole world has the same idle notions about love and constancy, and stuff, that you have? D'ye think, if George was to become a widower at five and twenty, *he'd* whine all his life for the loss of his deary?

Mr. D. Not if his deary, as you call her, should be a Lady Dinah; and if you marry him with no other view than to procure him a happy widowhood, I admire the election you have made—but, if she shou'd be like my lost love—my fainted Harriet—my—oh! Hargrave—

Mr. H. Come, come, I am very sorry I have moved you so—I did not mean to affect you—come, give me your hand—'sbud, if a man has any thing to do with one of you fellows with your fine feelings, he must be as cautious as if he was carrying a candle in a gunpowder barrel.

Mr. D. 'Tis over, my friend—but when I can hear my Harriet named, without giving my heart a fond regret for what I have lost—reproach me—for then, I shall deserve it.

Mr. H. Well, well—it shall be your own way—but come, let me convince you that you are wrong in this business.—'sbud! I tell you it has been the study of my life to make George a great man—I brought Lady Dinah here with no

other design—and now, when I thought the matter was brought to bear—when Lady Dinah had consented—and my Son, as I supposed, eager for the wedding—why!—'tis all a sham!

Mr. D. My good friend—the motives, from which you wou'd sacrifice your Son's happiness, appear to me so weak.

Mr. H. Weak!—why, I tell you, I have provided a wife for George, who will make him, perhaps, one of the first men in the kingdom.

Mr. D. That is, she would make him a Court Dangler, an attendant on Ministers levees——one whose ambition is to be fostered with the cameleon food of smiles and nods, and who would receive a familiar squeeze with as much rapture as the plaudits of a nation—oh—shame—to transform an independent English Gentleman into such a being!

Mr. H. Well, to cut the argument short—the bargain is struck, and George shall marry Lady Dinah, or never have an acre of my land, that's all.

Mr. D. And he shall never possess a rood of mine, if he does. [*walking about*]

Mr. H. [*aside*] There, I thought twou'd come to this: what a shame it is for a man to be so obstinate!—but hold—faith, if so, I may lose more than I get by the bargain—he'll stick to his word.

Enter JUSTICE.

Jus. I am very much surprized, Mr. Drummond—Sir—that I can't be left alone in the discharge of my magisterial duties, but must be continually thwarted by you.

Mr. D. This interruption, Mr. Justice, is ill-timed, and rather out of rule—I cou'd wish you had chosen another opportunity.

Jus. No opportunity like the present—no time like the present, Sir—you've cause, indeed, to be displeas'd with my not observing rules, when you are continually breaking the laws.

Mr. D. Ha, ha, ha! let us hear—what hen-roost robbery have you to lay to my charge now?

Jus. Aye, Sir, you may think to turn it off with a joke, if you please—but for all that, I can prove you to be a bad member of society, for you counteract the wise designs of our legislators, and obstruct the operations of justice—yes, Sir, you do.

Mr. H. Don't be so warm—what is this affair?

Jus. Why, the poacher, whom we committed last night,

Mr. Drummond has released, and given money to his family—How can we expect a due observance of our laws; when rascals find encouragement for breaking them?—Shall Lords and Commons in their wisdom assemble in Parliament, to make laws about hares and partridges, only to be laughed at? Oh, 'tis abominable!

Mr. H. Very true; and let me tell you, Mr. Drummond, it is very extraordinary that you will be continually——

Mr. D. Peace, ye men of justice—I have all the regard to the laws of my country, which it is the duty and interest of every member of society to possess—If the man had been a poacher, he shou'd not have been protected by me—the poor fellow found the hare in his garden, which she had considerably injured.

Mr. H. Ho, ho—what, the rascal justifies himself! an unqualified man gives reasons for destroying a hare!—Zounds, if a gang of ruffians shou'd burn my house, wou'd you expect me to hear their reasons?

Jus. Ah, there it works—Susan's my own [*aside.*]—there can be no reasons—if he had found her in his house, in his bed, chamber—in his bed, and offer'd to touch her—I'd prosecute him for poaching.

Mr. D. Oh, blush to avow such principles!

Mr. H. Look'ee, Mr. Drummond, though you govern George with your whimsical notions, you sha'n't me.—I foresee how it will be as soon as I'm gone—my fences will be cut down—my meadows turned into common—my corn-fields laid open—my woods at the mercy of every man who carries an axe—and, oh—this is noble, this is great!

Mr. D. Indeed, 'tis ridiculous.

Mr. H. I'll take care that my property sha'n't fall a sacrifice to such whimsies—I'll tye it up, I warrant me—and so, Justice, come along. [*going.*]

Mr. D. We were talking on a subject, Mr. Hargrave, of more importance, at present, than this; and, I beg you'll hear me farther.

Mr. H. Enough has been said already, Mr. Drummond,—or if not, I'll give you one answer for all—I shall never think myself obliged to study the humour of a man, who thinks in such opposition to me; I have a humour of my own, which I am determined to gratify, in seeing George a great man—He shall marry Lady Dinah in two days; and all the fine reasoning in the world, you will see, has

less strength than my resolution—'Sbud, if I can't have the willing obedience of a Son, I'll enjoy the prerogatives of a Father——Come along, Justice. [Exit.]

Jus. D'yc hear with what a fine *firm* tone he speaks?—This was only a political stroke, to restore the balance of power.

Mr. D. Why don't you follow, Sir? [Exit Justice.] My son shall be a great Man!—To such a vanity as this, how many have been sacrificed!—He shall be great—The happiness of love, the felicities that flow from a suitable union, his heart shall be a stranger to—but he shall convey *my name*, deck'd with titles, to posterity, though, to purchase these distinctions, he lives a wretch—This is the silent language of the heart, which we hold up to ourselves as the voice of Reason and Prudence.

Enter EMILY.

Miss Morley!—Why this pensive air?

Em. I am a little distress'd, Sir—the delicacy of the motive which induced you to place me here, I am perfectly sensible of—yet——

Mr. D. Yet—what, my dear Child?

Em. Do not think me capricious, if I intreat you to take me back to your own house, till my uncle arrives—I cannot think of remaining here.

Mr. D. Then 'tis as I hoped [*aside.*]—What can have disgust'd you?—Come, be frank; consider me as a friend, to whom you may safely open your heart.

Em. Your goodness, Sir, is excessive—Shall I confess—the Lady who will soon have most right here, treats me unkindly.

Mr. D. That you can't wonder at—Be assured, I will effectually defend you from her insults——But do you not pity poor George, for the fate his father designs him?

Em. Yes—I do pity him.

Mr. D. If I dared, I would go still further—I would hope, that, as his happiness depends on you—

Em. Sir!

Mr. D. Let me not alarm you—I am acquainted with his passion, and wish to know that 'tis not displeasing to you.

Em. So circumstanced, Sir—what can I say?—He is destined to be the husband of another.

Mr. D. It is enough—I bind myself to you from this moment, and promise to effect your happiness, if within the compass of my abilities or fortune. But, that I may know my task—favour me with the key to your Uncle's character.

Em. My Uncle possesses a heart, Sir, that would do him honour, if he would be guided by it—but unhappily he has conceived an opinion that his temper is too flexible—that he is too easily persuaded—and the consequence is—he'll never be persuaded at all.

Mr. D. I am sorry to hear that—a man who is obstinate from *such* a mistake, must be in the most incurable stage of the disorder. However, we'll attack this man of might—his flexibility shall be besieged, and if it won't capitulate, we'll undermine it.

Em. Ah, Sir! my Uncle is in a state of mind ill prepared for yielding—He returned from Spain with eager pleasure to his native country; but the disgust he has conceiv'd for the alteration of manners during his absence, has given him an impatience that you will hardly be able to combat.

Mr. D. Take courage—let me now lead you back to your young companions—I am obliged to be absent a short time—but I'll watch over you, and, if possible, lead you to happiness.

[*Exit Drummond leading Emily.*]

Enter JUSTICE. [*tipsy*]

Jus. • Where the devil does my clerk stay with Burn!
• But I know I'm right—yes, yes, 'tis a clear case. By the
• statute *Anno Primo Caroli Secundum*—obtaining goods on
• false pretences, felony, with benefit—hum—with benefit!
• —Now obtaining entrance into houses, upon false preten-
• ces, must be worse—I have no doubt but it amounts to a
• burglary, and that I shall be authorized to commit—Ho!
• here they are! where is my clerk and Burn? [*Exit.*]

Enter Mr. HARGRAVE and Lady DINAH.

Mr. H. Aye, aye, here's a pretty business—bringing this Girl into my house now is the consequence of Mr. Drummond's fine feelings—he will never take my advice—but I'll shew him who is best qualified to sift into an affair of this sort—and yet *I am* a little puzzled—a stroller—

Lady D. It is, doubtless, a strange story, Mr. Hargrave—and I beg that you will yourself question my servant concerning it.

Mr. H. Why, what can she mean—what can her design be?

Lady D. To you I shou'd imagine her design must be very obvious, 'though Mr. Drummond's penetration was so easily eluded—By assuming the airs and manners of a person of rank, she doubtless expects to impose on the credulity of some young heir, and to procure—a jaunt to Scotland—that, Mr. Hargrave, I take to be her design.

Mr. H. Hoh, ho, is it so—now I understand your Ladyship—if your man can prove what he asserts, be assured, Madam, she shall not stay in my house another moment—I'll young heir the baggage.

Lady D. But consider, dear Mr. Hargrave, before you take any steps in this affair—that 'tis possible, we may have been deceived, for tho' my servant avows having been on the most intimate terms with her, he may be mistaken in her person, you know.

Har. Oh, Madam, I shall inquire into that—she shall pick up no young heirs here, I warrant her—I shall see into that immediately. [Going.]

Enter Justice, leading in JARVIS by the button.

Just. Here's the young man—the witness—I have brought him up in order to his examination.—Here,—do you stand there.—In the first place,—[settling his wig] in the first place, how old are you?

Har. Fiddle de de—What signifies how old he is?

Just. Why, yes it does—for—if he is not of age—

Har. Psha, psha—I'll examine him myself. How long is it since you left the strollers you were engaged with?

Jar. It is about two years since I had the honour of being taken into my Lady's service,—and at that time I left the company.

Har. And did you leave the young woman in the company at that time?

Jar. I did, Sir, and I have never seen her since till now.

Har. I am strangely puzzled—I don't know what to think—

Just. It is indeed a difficult case—a very difficult case—I remember Burn in the chapter on Vagrants—

Har. Prithee, be silent—at this time you are not likely to clear up matters at all.

Just. A Justice be silent!—a silent Justice!—a pretty thing indeed—are we not the very mouth of the law?

Har. What does your Ladyship advise?

Lady D. I advise!—I don't advise, Mr. Hargrave.

Just. Why then, let the parties be confronted—

Har. Aye—let the parties be confronted.

Jar. Ay, ay, let us be confronted: if I once speak to her, she'll be too much dash'd to be able to deny the charge.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Did your honour call?

Har. Go and tell my daughter, that I desire she'll bring her visitant here—the young Lady.

Jar. [*Aside*] Two glasses of brandy, and tremble yet!—
I wish I had swallow'd the third bumper.

Lady D. Now, Mr. Hargrave, it will be exceedingly improper, that I should be present at this interview, so I shall retire till the affair is settled. [*Going.*]

Mr. H. 'Sbud, my Lady, if you go, I'll go too—and the Justice may settle it as well as he can.

Jus. Nay, if you are for that—I shall be gone in a crack—I won't be left in the lurch—not I.

Lady D. Bless me! I am surpris'd—only consider what an imputation may be thrown on my character.

Enter HARRIET and EMILY.

So—now 'tis determin'd.

Har. Robert inform'd us, Sir, that you requested our attendance.

Mr. H. Yes, Harriet—I did send Robert—'tis about an odd affair—I had rather—but I don't know—pray, Madam—
[*to Emily*] be so kind to tell us if you know any thing of that person—[*pointing to Jarvis.*]

Em. No, Sir, I believe not—I do not recollect—I may have seen him before.

Jar. Oh, Miss Jenny—you don't recollect—what, you have forgot your old companion William Jarvis?

Em. I do not remember indeed, that I was ever honour'd with such a companion—and the mistake you have made of my name, convinces me that I never was.

Jar. Psha, psha—this won't do *now*—you was always a good actress, but behind the scenes, you know, we used to come down from our stilts, and talk in our own proper persons—Why sure, you will not pretend to forget our adventures at Colchester—the affair of the Blue Domino at Warwick—nor the plot which you and Mrs. Varnish laid against the Manager at Beconsfield.

Har. Dear Sir, nothing is so evident, as that the man has mistaken this Lady for another person—I—hope you'll permit us to go without hearing any more of his impertinence.

Mr. H. If he is mistaken, no excuses will be sufficient—I don't know what to say—'tis a perplexing business—but I wish you wou'd be so kind to answer the man, Madam.

Em. Astonishment has kept me silent till now, Sir—and I must still be silent—for I have not yet been taught to make defences.

Enter GEORGE behind JARVIS.

Jar. Dear Madam—why surely you have not forgot how often you have been my Juliet, and I your Alexander.

Geo. Hark you, Sir,—if you dare utter another word to that Lady, I'll break every bone in your body—leave the room, rascal, this instant.

Mr. H. You are too hot, George—he shall stay—and since things have gone so far, I'll sift the story to the bottom—If the young Gentlewoman is not what he represents her, she has nothing to fear—Speak boldly—where did you last see that Lady?

Jus. Aye, speak boldly—give her a few more circumstances, perhaps some of them may hit—People on occasions of this sort have generally short memories.

Geo. Surely, Sir, you cannot allow these horrid—

Mr. H. I do allow, Sir—and if you can't be silent, leave the room.

Jus. Yes, Sir, or else you'll be committed for contempt of Court. Now, for your name, child, your name, and that of your family.

Em. The name of my family, demanded on such an occasion, I think myself bound to conceal—my silence on that subject, hitherto arose from a point of delicacy—that motive is now greatly strengthened, and I refuse to discover a name—which my imprudent conduct has disgraced.

Jus. Ho, ho—pray let the Lady be treated with respect—a person of Consequence—stands upon Constitutional ground—a Patriot, I'll assure you—the refuses to answer Interrogatories.

Geo. Sir, I cannot be any longer a silent witness of these insults—Your presence, Madam, supports that rascal, or he shou'd feel the immediate effect of my resentment.

Lady D. Your resentment will be unnecessary Sir, if he is not supported by truth—I shall take care that he is properly punish'd.

[Enter Servant.]

Sir. A Gentleman in a coach-and-six enquires for your honour—his name is Morley.

Em. Hah—'tis my Uncle—I no longer dread his presence—now, Sir, you will be satisfied concerning my family.

[Exit Emily and Harriet.]

Mr. H. *[to Lady D.]* Her Uncle—Heavens! Madam, what have we done!

[Exit Hargrave.]

Lady D. Done!—nothing—madness! *[aside.]*

Jus. So, so—the niece of a man who keeps a coach and six!—we are got into a wrong box here—she can be no Patriot, our Patriots don't ride in coaches and six.

Geo. Stay, Sir—we have not done with you yet—you must now exhibit another part in this scene—what says your oracle Burn to such a fellow as this, Justice?

Jus. Ay, you rascal — 'tis now your turn—thou art a villain, a cheat, an impostor—'tis a downright conspiracy—The niece of a man who keeps a coach and six!—why, how dost think to escape? thou'lt cut a noble figure in the pillory, Mr. “Alexander the Great.”

Jar. Sir,—your honours—I humbly crave pardon for my mistake—I cou'd have sworn the Lady had been my old acquaintance, the likeness is so strong.—But I humbly ask pardon—my Lady!—

Lady D. Expect no protection from me, I discharge you from my service from this moment.—The dilemma into which you have deceived me excites my warmest resentment.

Geo. Since Your Ladyship gives him up, he has no other protection—Who's there? [*Enter Servants*] Secure this fellow till I have leisure to inquire into the bottom of the affair—he is only the Agent, I am convinced.

Jar. [*Aside.*] Aye, Sir, but I am dumb—or we shall lose the reward.] I beseech your honour—'twas all a mistake.

Geo. Take him away. [*Exeunt servants with Jarvis.*]

Lady D. [*Aside.*] Hah—are you suspicious, Sir!—I hope Susan has not put me in this fellow's power—I must be sure of that. [*Exit.*]

Jus. 'Tis a conspiracy, that's certain—and will, I believe, come under *Scan. Mag.* for 'tis a most scandalous Libel—but hold—'gad-so—let me see—it can be no libel: 'tis a false story—if it had been true—aye, then indeed—if it had been true—but I'll go home and consult Burn, and you shall know what he says. Egad, it won't be amiss to get out of this Morley's way. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Justice.*]

Geo. Surely she must have been privy to this scandalous plot—but 'tis no matter—my fate is at its crisis.—Mr. Morley's arrival fixes it.—At this moment my fortitude forsakes me, and I tremble to meet the Man, on whose caprice depends, the value of my existence.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *an Apartment.**Enter Mr. MORLEY and EMILY.*

MORLEY.

A Pretty freak indeed!—a pretty freak, in return for the care and solicitude with which I have watch'd over you—I have broke with the Doctor for his share in this romantic affair.

Em. I am much concerned, Sir, that compassion to my situation should have led that worthy Man to take any step that you can think unpardonable—but when he found he cou'd not move my resolution, he thought it his duty to accommodate me with a retreat amongst persons of reputation.

Mor. Retreat!—so, whilst I was condemning my sweet innocent Niece for stubbornness, wilfulness, and ingratitude—she was only gone to a *retreat* to sit under elms, listen to the cawing of rooks, and carve her melancholy story on the young bark—Oh, Emily, Emily! you ought to be made repent of this retreat, as you call it, as long as you live.

• *Em.* Indeed, Sir, I do repent.

• *Mor.* What's that?—repent!—my dear Emily, I am rejoiced to hear you say so—I knew you was always a good Girl on the whole—come, it sha'n't be a misfortune to you—I'll make Baldwin swear, before the ceremony, that he'll never reproach—

• *Em.* Sir, I must not deceive you—my repentance does not concern Mr. Baldwin—he is—pardon me, Sir—my sentiments with regard to him, are, if possible, strengthen'd.

• *Mor.* Are they so, Mistress? then farewell to humourings—since your sentiments are so strong, your resolution cannot be weak—'twill enable you to bear this dreaded fate with heroism.

• *Em.* I am glad you can be so sportive with my unhappiness, Sir—where you jest with misery, you always design to lessen it.

• *Mor.* Aye, that won't do—the easiness of my temper, Girl, has been my great misfortune. I never made a mistake in trade in my life, never, but have been *persuaded*, and listen'd to *advice*, till I have been half ruined—but I'll be resolute now for your sake.

Em. Surely, Sir—

Mor. Ayè, aye—I understand that speaking face—there is not a line in it, but calls me Monster—however, Madam, after your retreat, you can never expect to be the wife of another—so snap Baldwin while you can.

Em. Oh, Sir, allow me to live single, I have no wish for the married state—since he to whom my heart is devoted must be the husband of another.

Mor. No wish for the married state! ha, ha, ha!—why, 'tis the ultimate wish of every woman's heart—you all want Husbands, from your doll to your spectacles.

Em. The person with whom one enters into so important an union shou'd be at least agreeable, or—

Mor. What an age this is!—Why, huffey, in the days of your great Grand-mother, a Girl on the point of marriage had never dared to look above her lover's beard—and would have been a wife a week before she cou'd have told the colour of her husband's eyes—But, now, a Girl of eighteen will stare her suitor confidently in the face, and, after five minutes conversation, give an account of every feature and peculiarity, from his brow to his buckle—But pray, Madam, what is it in Baldwin now, that so particularly hits your fancy?

Em. His person is ungraceful, his manner assuming, and his mind effeminate.

Mor. Very true—and is not this the description of all the young men of the age?—but he has five thousand a year, that's not quite so common a circumstance. Come, take the pencil again, lay on coarser colours, or you won't convince me the picture's a bad one—considering the times.

Em. Hah!—how different is Mr. Hargrave!—if I could urge his merit [*aside*]—You have heard my objections so often, Sir, that the repetition can have no weight—but, surely, I may urge my happiness.

Mor. By all means, it shall be consider'd, therefore—John, order my carriage up, we are going directly—tho' you don't deserve it—the very moment we reach Grosvenor-street, you shall be tied fast to Baldwin, who is now waiting there with the parson at his elbow—and we'll this moment step into the carriage, and away as briskly, as if Cupid was our coachman—come now, don't put on that melancholy air—'tis only to turn the tables—fancy that I hate Baldwin—that you are driving to Scotland, and I pursuing you—why the horses will move so slowly, you'll be ready to swear they don't gallop above three rood an hour.

Em. I entreat you, dear Sir, stay, at least, till to-morrow.—Oh, where is Mr. Drummond? [*aside*]

Mor. Not a moment.

Em. You have not yet seen Mr. Drummond, to whom I am so much oblig'd.

Mor. I have made enquiries, and have heard a very extraordinary character of Mr. Drummond; we can make him acknowledgments by letter—and you may send him gloves.—I know your design, you hope he will be able to talk me out of my resolution—and, perhaps, I may be a little afraid of it myself,—and so, to avoid that danger, we'll go directly.

Em. 'Tis so late, Sir,—and the night is dark.—[*Aside*] Yet why should I wish to stay here?

Mor. No more trifling—conduct me to the family, that we may take leave. If you complain of this as an act of tyranny—be comforted, Child, 'tis the last you'll experience from me—my authority will expire with the night, and tomorrow morning, I shall be my dear Niece Baldwin's most humble servant.

Exeunt.

Enter GEORGE and Sir CHARLES.

Geo. What, refuse me your assistance in such an hour—talk to me of prudence in a moment when I must be mad, if I am human! yes, be prudent, Sir, be prudent,—the man who can be discreet when his friend's happiness is at stake, may gain the approbation of his own heart, but mine renounces him—Where can Mr. Drummond be?

Sir Ch. I am at your command in every thing—I ask you only to reflect.

Geo. Yes, I do reflect, that in a few hours she will be irrecoverably another's—lost to me for ever—unfeeling brute! to sacrifice such a Woman to a man whom she despises!

Sir Ch. What then is your resolution?

Geo. There is but one way—she hangs on the point of a precipice, from which, if I do not snatch her in an instant, nothing can retrieve her.—We will follow the carriage on horseback; let your chaise attend us with our servants—I'll force her from this tyrant Uncle, carry her instantly to Dover, and in a few hours, breathe out my soul at her feet—in sweet security in France.

Sir Ch. Considering your plan is an *impromptu*, I admire its consistency—but, my dear George, have you weighed all its consequences?—your Father—

Geo. Will perhaps disinherit me—be it so—I have six hundred a year independent of his will—and six hundred a year in France with Emily Morly—kingdoms! empires! paradise!

Sir Ch. But are you certain she will partake it with you?

Geo. No—but supposing the worst—I shall, at least, have had the happiness to preserve her from a fate she dreads—for the rest I will trust to time and my ardent passion.

Sir Ch. Pity the days of chivalry are over, or what applause might'st thou not expect—advent'rous Knight!

Geo. Come, we have not a moment to lose—let us get our people ready to follow, the instant the carriage sets out.

Sir Ch. But, George—George—I'll not accompany you a step, after the Lady's in your protection—for if your Father shou'd surmise that I have any hand in the *enlevement*, I can hope for no success, when I ask him for my charming Harriet.

Geo. Agreed—let me have your chaise, and leave me to my fortune—I will not endanger your happiness—this key will let you in at the garden-door—you may give fifty reasons for your short absence.—Now, Cupid, Venus, Jove and Juno, leap into your chariots, and descend to our assistance.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and George.*]

Enter Lady DINAH.

Lady D. She's gone, and my alarms are at an end—'tis plain I had never the least foundation for my fears—what pass'd in the garden was mere gallantry, and the effects of her art; he suffered her Uncle to carry her off with an indifference that transports me. How weak have I been, to allow my credulity to be imposed on by their suggestions, and my temper ruffled at a time when 'twas of so much importance to me to have been serene!

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Oh, my Lady, she's gone—the delightful obstinacy of the old Uncle—It is well Mr. Drummond was not here—I was afraid—

Lady D. Your joy wears a very familiar aspect—I know she's gone.

Susan. I beg pardon, my Lady—I thought I might congratulate your Ladyship on her being carried off—I was terribly afraid—

Lady D. Yes, you have had most extraordinary fears on the occasion. You ought to have known, that the man whom I had receiv'd as my Lover, could never have felt any thing like a serious passion for such a girl as that.

Sus. So, so, so! how soon our spirits are got up! [*aside.*] I am sure, my Lady, 'twas not I who occasioned the interview in the garden to-day, that so enraged you, and confirmed your fears—you was ready enough then to believe all that was said against her.

Lady D. How dare you reproach me with the errors which you led me into?—'twas your fears I was govern'd by, and not my own; and your ridiculous plot was as absurd as your fears.

Suf. As to the plot, my Lady, I am sure 'twas a good one, and would have sent her packing, if the Uncle hadn't come—'twasn't our fault he came—We have had the same trouble, and—service is no inheritance, and I hope your Ladyship will consider—

Lady D. How dare you think of a reward for such conduct?—If you obtain my pardon, you ought to be highly gratified—leave me, Insolent, this moment.

Suf. [*muttering.*] Ha!—and dare you use me in this manner?—I am glad you have betrayed yourself in time, when I can take a severe revenge? [*aside.*] [*Ex. Suf.*]

Lady D. I have gone too far—Now must I court my servant, to forget the resentment which her impertinence occasioned—Well, 'tis but for a short time—the marriage over, and I have done with her—I must retire to my apartment, to recover my composure: perhaps he'll visit me there—but not to talk of veneration and respect again—Oh! I'll torment him for that. Nothing gives a Woman so fine an opportunity of plaguing her Lover, as an affectation of jealousy: if she feels it, she's his Slave; but, whilst she affects it—his Tyrant. [*Exit.*]

Enter BELLA and HARRIET.

Har. How very unfortunate, that Mr. Drummond is absent!—he would have opposed the reasoning of Lady Dinah, and prevented their departure—Sure, never any thing was so cruel.

Bel. Oh, there's no bearing it—Your Father is quite a manageable being, compared to this odd, provoking mortal, whose imagined flexibility baffles art, reason, and every thing.

Har. Never shall I forget the look, wild, yet composed—agonized tho' calm, which she gave me, as her Uncle led her out. Her Lover must possess strange sentiments, to resolve to marry her, in spite of her aversion.

Bel. Sentiments! my dear—why he's a modern fine Gentleman; there is nothing he's so much afraid of as a fond Wife—If I was Miss Morley, I'd affect a most formidable fondness, and ten to one but she'd get rid of him.

Har. I wonder where Sir Charles is—he pass'd me in the hall, and said in a hasty manner, he must tear himself from me for half an hour.

Bel. I wonder rather where your Brother is—but the heart of a woman in love, is as unnatural as the ostrich's; it

is no longer alive to any sentiment but one, and the tenderest connexions are absorbed in its passion.

Har. I hope it is not in your own heart, you find this picture of love.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Bel. Oh—here's one of our truants, but where's the other?—poor George, I suppose, is binding his brow with willows.

Sir Ch. That's not George's style in love—he has too much spirit to cross his arms, and talk to his shadow, when he may employ his hours to more advantage at the feet of a fair Lady.

Bel. What do you mean?

Har. Where is my Brother?

Sir Ch. On the road to France.

Both. France!

Sir Ch. Unless Mr. Morley has as much valour as obstinacy—for George has pursued him, and, by this time, I dare swear has gained possession of his Niece.

Bel. Oh! how I doat on his Knight-errantry!—commend me to a lover, who, instead of patiently submitting to the circumstances that separate him from the object of his passion,—boldly takes the reins of Fortune in his own hands, and governs the accidents which he can't avoid.

Har. How can you praise such a daring conduct? I tremble for the consequences!

Sir Ch. What consequences, Madam, can he dread, who snatches the woman he loves from the arms of the man she hates?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Master, Sir, is returned—the Lady fainted in the chaise, and he has carried her to Mr. Drummond's.

Ch. The devil!—is he at home?

Ser. No, Sir—and Mr. Morley is come back too—he drove thro' the gates this minute.

Bel. Nay, then George will lose her at last—he was a fool for not pursuing his route.

Sir Ch. He has no chance now, but thro' Mr. Drummond; and what can he hope? Mr. Drummond has only reason on his side, and the passions of three to combat.

Bel. Ay, here he comes—and Mr. Hargrave, as loud as his huntsman.

Har. Let us fly to the parlour, and then we can send intelligence of what passes to George.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. MORLEY and Mr. HARGRAVE.

Mr. *M.* Yes, yes, 'tis fact—matter of fact, upon my honour—Your Son was the person who took her out of the coach.

Mr. *H.* Sir, it is impossible!—ha, ha, ha!—my Son!—why, he's under engagements that wou'd make it madness.

Mr. *M.* Then, Sir, you may depend upon it, the fit is on him now, for he clapt Emily into a chaise, whilst an impudent puppy fasten'd on me—egad! twenty years ago I'd have given him sauce to his Cornish hug—I could not discern his face—but t'other I'll swear to.

Mr. *H.* George! look for George there! I'll convince you, Sir, instantly—ha, ha!

Enter HARRIET.

Mr. *H.* Where's George?

Har. Sir, my Brother is at Mr. Drummond's.

Mr. *H.* There! I knew it could not be him, though you would not be persuaded.

Mr. *M.* What a plague! you can't persuade me out of my senses—Your Son, I aver, took her out of the coach—with her own consent, no doubt, and on an honourable design, without doubt—Sir, I give you joy of your daughter.

Mr. *H.* If it is on an honourable design, they may live on their honour, or starve with it—not a single sou shall they have of me—but I won't yet believe my George cou'd be such a fool.

Mr. *M.* Fool! Sir—The man who loves Emily gives no such proof of folly neither—but she shall be punished for hers—'twas a concerted affair, I see it plainly, all agreed upon—but she shall repent.

Mr. *H.* Your resentment, Sir, is extraordinary—I must tell you that my Son's ancestry, or the estate to which he is heir—if he has not forfeited by his disobedience, are not objects for the contempt of any man.

Mr. *M.* Very likely, Sir,—but they are objects to which I shall never be reconciled—What! have I been toiling these thirty years in Spain, to make my Niece a match for any man in England—to have her fortune settled by an adventure in a post-chaise, an evening's frolick for a young spark, who had nothing to do but push the old fellow into a corner, and whisk off with the girl? Sir, if there was not another man in the kingdom, your Son shou'd not have my consent to marry Emily.

Mr. *H.* And if there was not another woman in England, I'd suffer the name of Hargrave to be annihilated, rather than he should be husband to your Niece. [*Hargrave and Morley walk about the Stage disordered.*]

Enter Mr. DRUMMOND.

Mr. D. Gone!—her Uncle arrived, and the amiable girl gone----What infatuation, Mr. Hargrave, cou'd render you so blind to the happiness that awaited your family?—I'll follow this obdurate man—where's George?—look for George there—he shall hear reason.

Mr. H. There, Sir—that's the person to whom you must address your complaints.

Mr. D. Unfortunate!—I have made discoveries, that must have shaken even your prejudices—[*to Mr. Hargrave*]—but this Uncle!—surely, my dear Harriet, you might have prevailed.

Har. Sir, this gentleman is Mr. Morley——Mr. Drummond, Sir.

Mr. D. Hah! I beg pardon, Sir, I am rejoiced to see you; I understood you were gone.

Mr. M. I was gone, Sir; but I was robb'd of my Niece on the road—she was taken out of my coach, and carried off—which forced me to return.

Mr. D. Carried off!

Mr. H. Aye, Sir, carried off by George, whom you have trained to such a knowledge of his duty.

Mr. M. Stopt on the King's highway, Sir, by the fiery youth, and my Niece dragg'd from my side.

Mr. D. Admirable!

Mr. H. What's this right too?—By heaven, it is not to be borne.

Mr. D. Where are they?

Har. At your house, Sir——

Mr. M. What a country am I fallen into! can a person of your age and character approve of so rash and daring——

Mr. H. Let George do what he will—he's sure of his approbation.

Mr. D. Gentlemen—if you are sure Miss Morley is at my house, I am patience itself—she is too rich a prize to be gained without some warfare.

Mr. M. Sir, I am resolved to——

Enter Lady DINAH.

[*Exit HARRIET frighten'd*].

Lady D. So, Mr. Hargrave! so, Sir!—what, your Son—this new insult deprives me of utterance—but your Son—what is the reason of this complicated outrage?

Mr. H. My dear Lady Dinah, I am as much enraged as you can be—but he shall fulfill his engagements—depend on it, he shall.

Mr. M. Engagements!—what the young Gentleman was engaged too!—a very fine youth! upon my word.

Lady D. [to Mr. Hargrave] Your honour is concern'd, Sir—and if I was sure he was drawn in by the girl's art, and that he was convinced of the impropriety——

Mr. M. Drawn in by the girl's art!—whatever cause I may have to be offended with my Niece's conduct, Madam, no person shall speak of her with contempt in my presence—I presume, this gentleman's son was engaged to your daughter, but that's not a sufficient reason for——

Lady D. Daughter! impertinent!—No, Sir, 'twas to me that he was engaged—and, but for the arts of your Niece——

Mr. M. To you!—A matrimonial negotiation between that young Fellow and you!—Nay then, 'fore George, I don't wonder at your ill temper—A disappointment in love at your time of life must be the devil.

Lady D. Mr. Hargrave, do you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Mr. H. Why, my Lady, we must bear something from this Gentleman—the mistake we made about his Niece, was a very ugly business.

Mr. D. I entreat you, Madam, to retire from a Family, to whom, if you suffer me to explain myself——

Lady D. What new insolence is this?

Mr. D. I would spare you, my Lady, but you will not spare yourself—Blush then, whilst I accuse you of entering into a base league with your Servants, to blast the reputation of an amiable young Lady, and drive her from the protection of Mr. Hargrave's family.

Mr. H. What! a league with her Servants? [aside.]

Lady D. And how dare you accuse me of this—Am I to answer for the conduct of my servants?

Mr. D. The villainy of your servants is the consequence of those principles with which you have poison'd their minds. Robb'd of their religion, they were left without support—against temptations to which you, Madam, have felt, Philosophy opposes its shield in vain.

Lady D. I feel his superiority to my inmost soul—but he shall not see his triumph [aside]—Is it your virtue which prompts you to load me with injuries, to induce Mr. Hargrave to break through every tie of honour—through the most sacred engagements!

Mr. D. I have just heard these terms, nearly as much prostituted by your servants, who reproach you with not keeping your engagements to them.

Lady D. Ha! Am I then betrayed? [*aside.*]

Enter GEORGE, leading EMILY.

Geo. Miss Morley, Sir, commanded me to lead her to you—I cannot ask you to pardon a rashness, of which I do not repent.

Mr. H. Then I shall *make* you, I fancy.

Mr. M. Hah—did you really wish to return to me?

Em. I left Mr. Drummond's, Sir, the moment I knew you were here.

Mr. M. That's a good girl—I'll remember it. Come, child, the coach is at the door, and we must make speed to retrieve our lost time. But have a care, young Gentleman,—tho' I have pardon'd your extravagance once, a second attempt shall find me prepared for your reception.

Geo. If Miss Morley consents to go with you, Sir, you have no second attempt to fear. But since this moment is the crisis of our fate, thus I entreat you [*kneeling*]*—*you, to whom I have sworn eternal love, to become my wife. Consent, my charming Emily, and every moment of my future life shall thank you.

Mr. M. So, so, so!

Mr. H. What, without my leave?

Lady D. Amazing!

} [*All together.*]

Em. At such a moment as this, meanly to disguise my sentiments would be unworthy of the woman, to whom you offer such a sacrifice—obtain the consent of those who have a right to dispose of us, and I'll give you my hand at the altar.

Mr. M. That you will not, my frank Madam—so no more ceremony, but away. [*seizing her arm, and going off.*]

Mr. D. And will you go, impenetrable man—I have discovered, Sir, that your Niece is the daughter of Major Morley, who was one of the earliest friends of my youth—He would not have borne the distress she now endures—I will be a father to his orphan Emily, and ensure the felicity of two children, on the point of being sacrificed to the ambition and avarice of those, on whose hearts Nature has graven duties, which they wilfully mispel.

Lady D. What, Sir, are you not content with the insults you have offer'd to me and Mr. Hargrave, but you must interfere with this Gentleman in the disposal of his Niece!

Mr. M. What right have you, Sir, to dispose of our Children?

Mr. H. Aye, very true, you don't know how to value the authority of a parent.

Drum. Mistaken Men! into what an abyfs of misery—perhaps of guilt, wou'd you plunge them!—they claim from you happinefs, and you with-hold it—they fhall receive it from me. I will fettle the jointur'd land of my Harriet on Mifs Morley, and George fhall *now* partake that fortune to which I have already made him heir.

Mr. H. Ay, there's no ftopping him—what can thefe fervants have told him, that makes him fo warm?—Egad, I'll hear their tale.

[*Exit, unperceived by Lady Dinah.*]

Mr. M. Why, Sir, this is extraordinary friendship indeed! fettle jointur'd lands—~~I~~ I am glad Brother Tom had prudence enough to form fuch a connection, 'twas feldom he minded the main chance—Honour and a greafy knapsack, running about after ragged colours, inftead—

Mr. D. Sir, I have ferved, and I love the profefion.—The army is not more the fchool of honour than of philofophy—A true foldier is a citizen of the world; he confiders every man of honour as his brother, and the urbanity of his heart gains his Country *subjects*, whilft his fword only vanquifhes her *foes*.

Mr. M. Nay, if you have all this Romance, I don't wonder at your propofal—however, tho' your jointure lands might have been neceffary for Major Morly's Daughter—My Niece, Sir, if ſhe marries with my confent, fhall be obliged to no man for a fortune.

Lady D. The infolence of making me witnefs to this is infupportable—Is this you, Sir, who this very morning paid your vows to me?

Geo. Pardon, Madam, the error of this morning; I imagined myfelf paying my devoirs to a Lady who was to become my Mother.

Lady D. Your Mother! Sir—Your Mother!—*Mr. Hargrave*—ha, where is *Mr. Hargrave*?

Enter Mr. HARGRAVE.

Mr. H. I am here, my Lady—and have juft heard a tale of fo atrocious a nature from your fervants—that I wou'd not, for half my eftate, fuch an affair fhould have happen'd in my family.

Lady D. And can you believe the malicious tale?

Mr. H. Indeed I do.

Lady D. *Mr. Drummond's* arts have then fucceeded.

Mr. H. *Your* arts have not fucceeded, my Lady, and you have *no* chance for a husband now, I believe, unlefs you prevail on George to run off with *you*.

Lady D. Insolent wretches!—order my chaise, I will not ftay another moment beneath this roof—when perfons of my

rank, thus condescend to mix with Plebeians—like the Phœnix, which sometimes appears within the ken of common birds, they are stared at, jeered and hooted, till they are forced to ascend again to their proper region, to escape the flouts of—ignorance and envy. [Exit.

Mr. *M.* Well said, a rare spirit, faith, I see Ladies of quality have their privileges too.—[As Lady *D.* goes off, *Geo.* fixes his eye on his Father, and points after her.]

Mr. *H.* [catching *George's* hand.] My dear Boy, I believe we were wrong here—and I am heartily glad we have escaped—but I suppose you'll forget it when I tell you I have no objection to your endeavouring to prevail on this gentleman—

Geo. Nothing, dear Sir, can prevent my feeling the most unbounded gratitude for the permission—now may I hope, Sir—

Mr. *M.* Hope, Sir!—Upon my word I don't know what to say, you have somehow contrived to carry matters to such a length—that asking my consent is become a matter of form.

Mr. *H.* Upon my soul, I begin to find out, that in some cases one's children should lead.—Come, Sir,—do keep me in countenance, that I mayn't think I yielded too soon.

Mr. *D.* Your consent, Sir, is all we want, to become a very joyous circle—let us prevail on you to permit your beloved *Emily* to receive the addresses of my Godson, and you will many happy years hence recollect his boldness on the road, as the most fortunate rencounter of your life: you shall come and live amongst us, and we'll reconcile you to your native country: notwithstanding our ideas of the degeneracy of the times, we shall find room enough to act virtuously, and to enjoy in England, more securely than in any other country in the world,—the rewards of virtue.

Mr. *M.* Sir, I like you—promise me your friendship—and you shall dispose of my Niece.

Mr. *D.* I accept the condition with pleasure.

Mr. *M.* There it is now, this is always the way—persuaded out of every resolution—a perfect proverb for flexibility.

Geo. Oh, Sir, permit me—

Mr. *M.* Nay, no extacies—*Emily* dislikes you now you've got me on your side. What say you? [to *Em.*] don't you begin to feel your usual reluctance?

Em. The proof I have given of my sentiments, Sir, admits of no disguise—or, if disguise were necessary, I could not assume it.

Geo. Enchanting frankness! my heart, my life must thank you for this goodness. But what shall I say to you—[to *Drummond*] to you, Sir, to whom I already owe more than—

Mr. *D.* To me you owe nothing—the heart, *George*, must have some attachments—Mine has for many years been

center'd in you—If I have struggled for your happiness—'twas to gratify myself.

Geo. Oh, Sir! why will you continually give me such feelings, and yet refuse them utterance?—Seymour, behold the happiest of men!

Sir Cha. May your bliss, my dear George, be as permanent as 'tis great.—[*To Hargrave*] Allow me, Sir, to seize this propitious moment to ask your consent to a second union—Permit me to entreat Miss Hargrave for her hand, and I'll prove George a vain boaster, when he calls himself the happiest of men.

Har. Why, Sir Charles, you have chosen a very lucky moment—but there's no moment in which I should not have heard this request with pleasure. Why, Harriet—if we may believe your eyes, you are not very angry with Sir Charles for this request.

Har. A request, Sir, which gives you so much pleasure ought not to give your Harriet pain.

Bel. Lord! you look so insulting with your happiness, and seem to think I make such an aukward figure amongst you—but here [*taking a letter from her pocket*]—this informs me—that a certain person—

Geo. Of the name of—Belville—

Bel. Be quiet—is landed at Dover, and posting here—with all the saucy confidence our engagements inspire him with.

Mr. D. Say you so?—Then we'll have the three weddings celebrated on the same day.

Bel. Oh mercy!—I won't hear of it—*Love*, one might manage that perhaps—but *honour, obey*,—'tis strange the Ladies had never interest enough to get this ungallant form mended.

Mr. D. The marriage vow, my dear Bella, was wisely framed for common apprehensions—*Love* teaches a train of duties that no vow can reach—that refined minds only can perceive—but which they pay with the most delighted attention. You are now entering on this state—may You—and You [*to Bella, significantly*] and You [*to the audience*] possess the blissful envied lot of—Married Lovers!

F I N I S.

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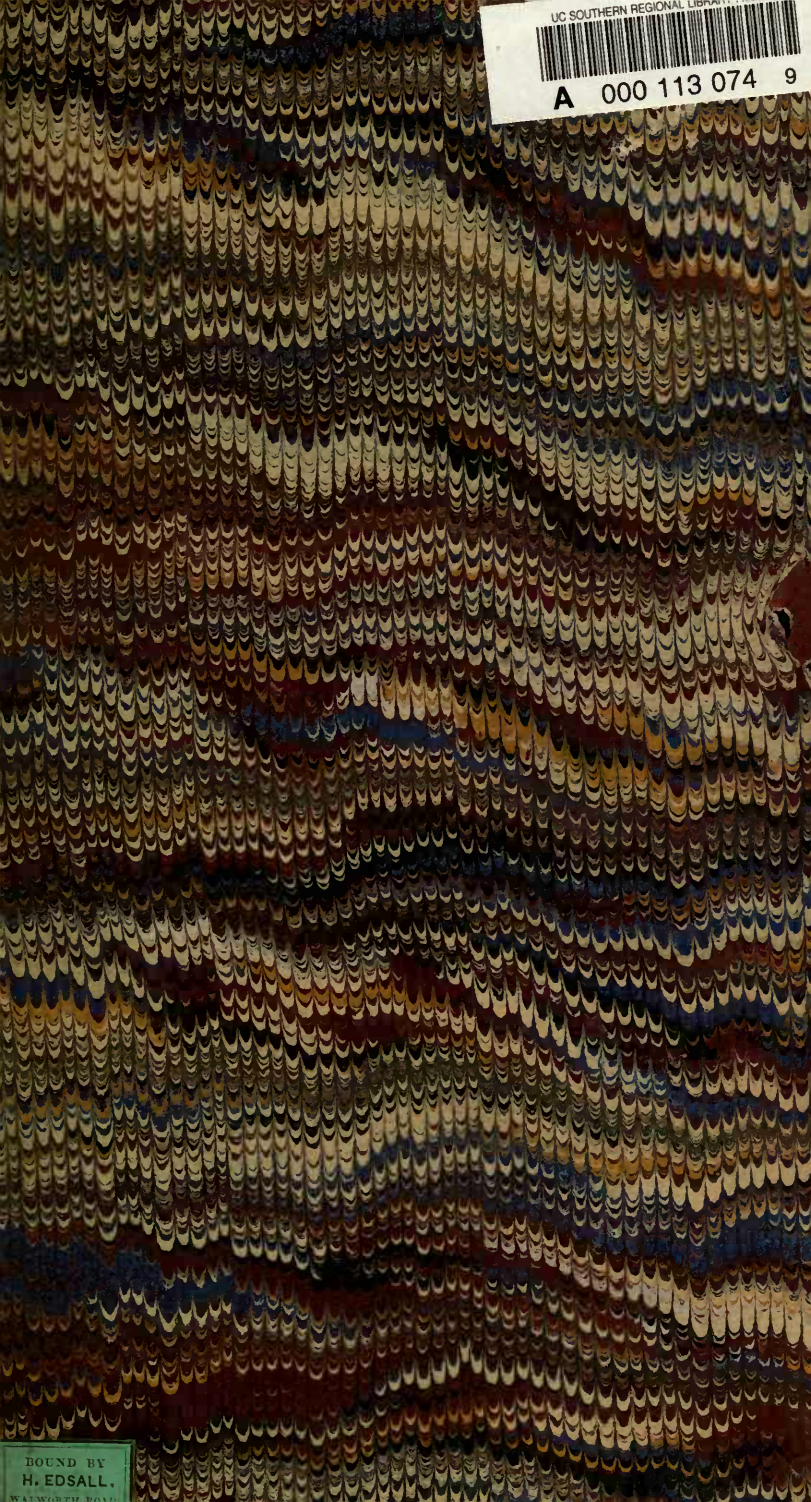
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